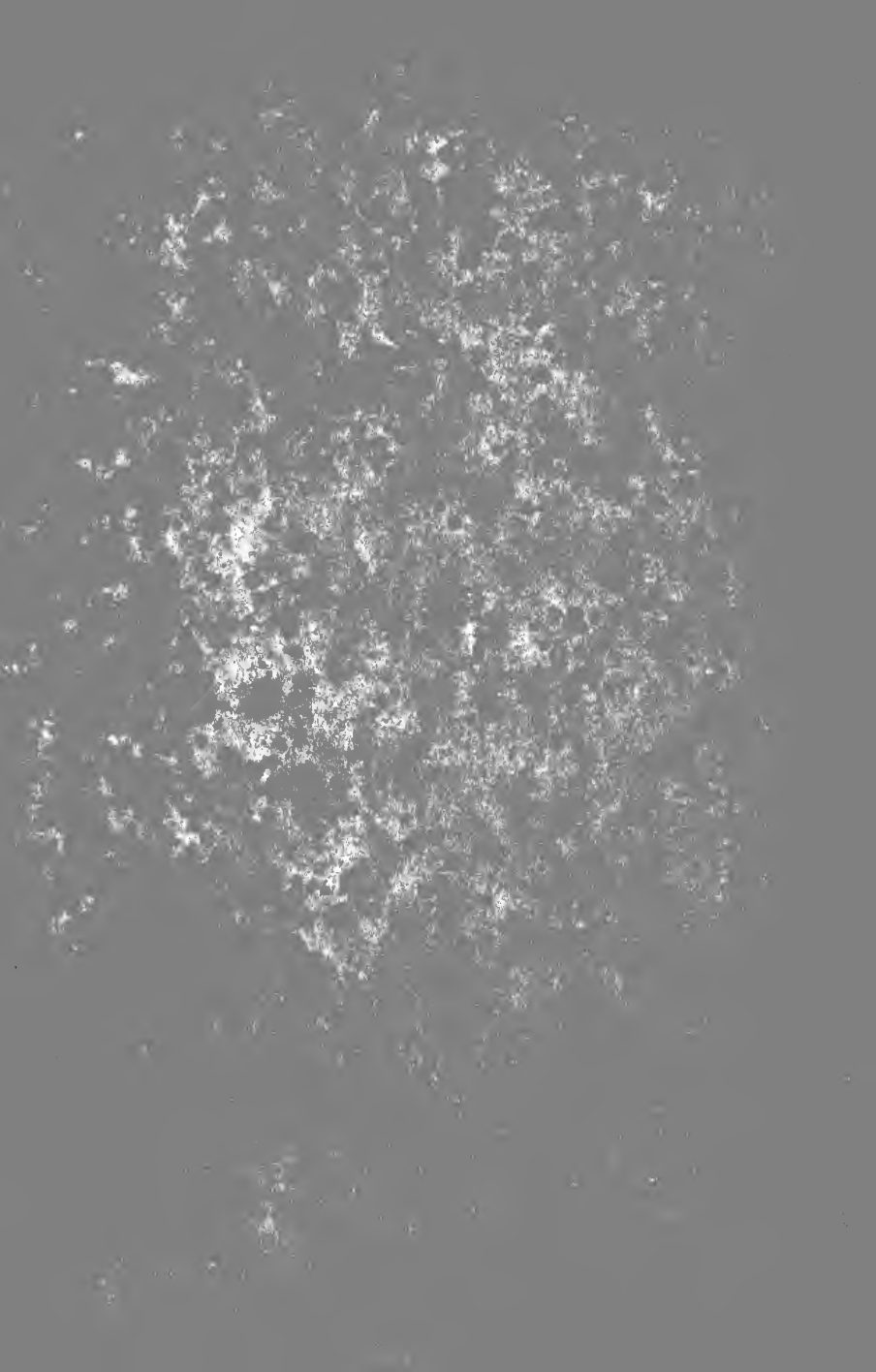
Theodore B. Aetzel

Von Büchern hab ich grossen hort
Verstand doch drynn gar wenig wort
Vnd hab sie dennacht jn den eren
Das ich jnn wil der fliegen weren



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"Here's to '28,
For she'll never get the gate!
Drink her down, drink her down,
Drink her down, down, down."

The
RECORD
1928

Published by
THE CLASS OF 1928
HAVERFORD COLLEGE
HAVERFORD, PENNA.

PRESS OF THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

To

Albert Harris Wilson

WHOSE PATIENCE WITH OUR STUPIDITY
WHOSE UNDERSTANDING OF OUR TROUBLES
WHOSE WARM-HEARTED FRIENDSHIP
HAS ENDEARED HIM TO THOSE
WHO DEDICATE THIS
BOOK TO HIM

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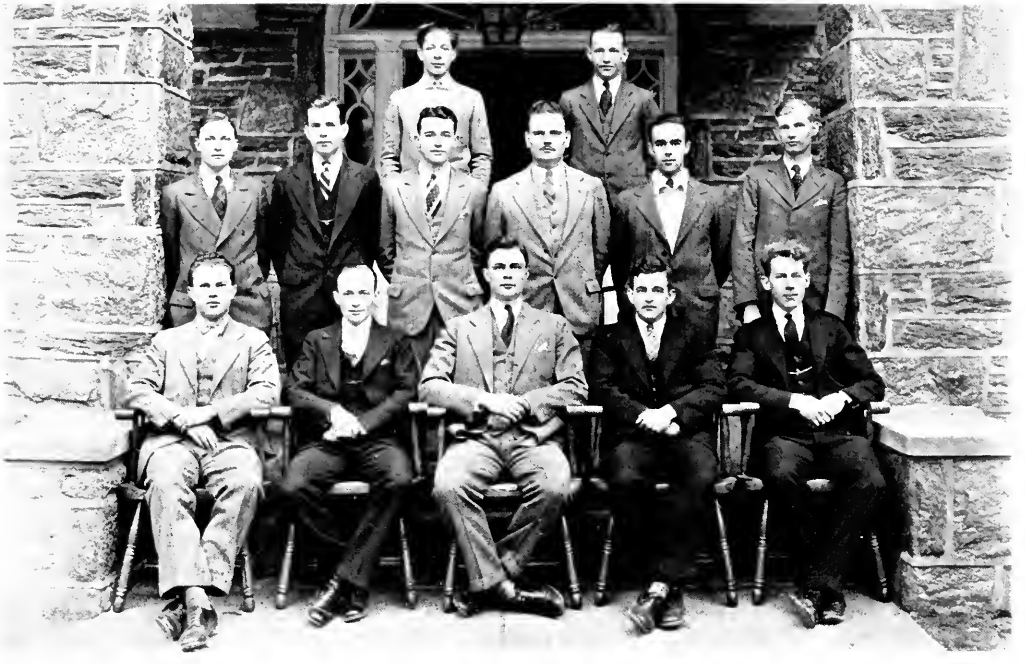
Preface

EVERY class which graduates from every college is proud, justly or unjustly, of its record throughout the four years. That is the excuse for this volume. Do not take it too seriously, above all things. Perhaps you will say it overemphasizes the lighter side. But will we not remember the serious and the sentimental without the aid of a book long after we have graduated? If, twenty years hence, a warm, reminiscent smile lights the face of one reader of this book, as he relives some ridiculous prank or youthful foolishness, its publication will have been justified.



"RECORD" BOARD

The Record Board

Editor

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Associate Editors

John T. Evans
William R. Bready
Richard C. Bull
John Q. Hunsicker
Frederick M. Burgess
C. Kenneth Gray*

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Theodore B. Hetzel

Business Manager

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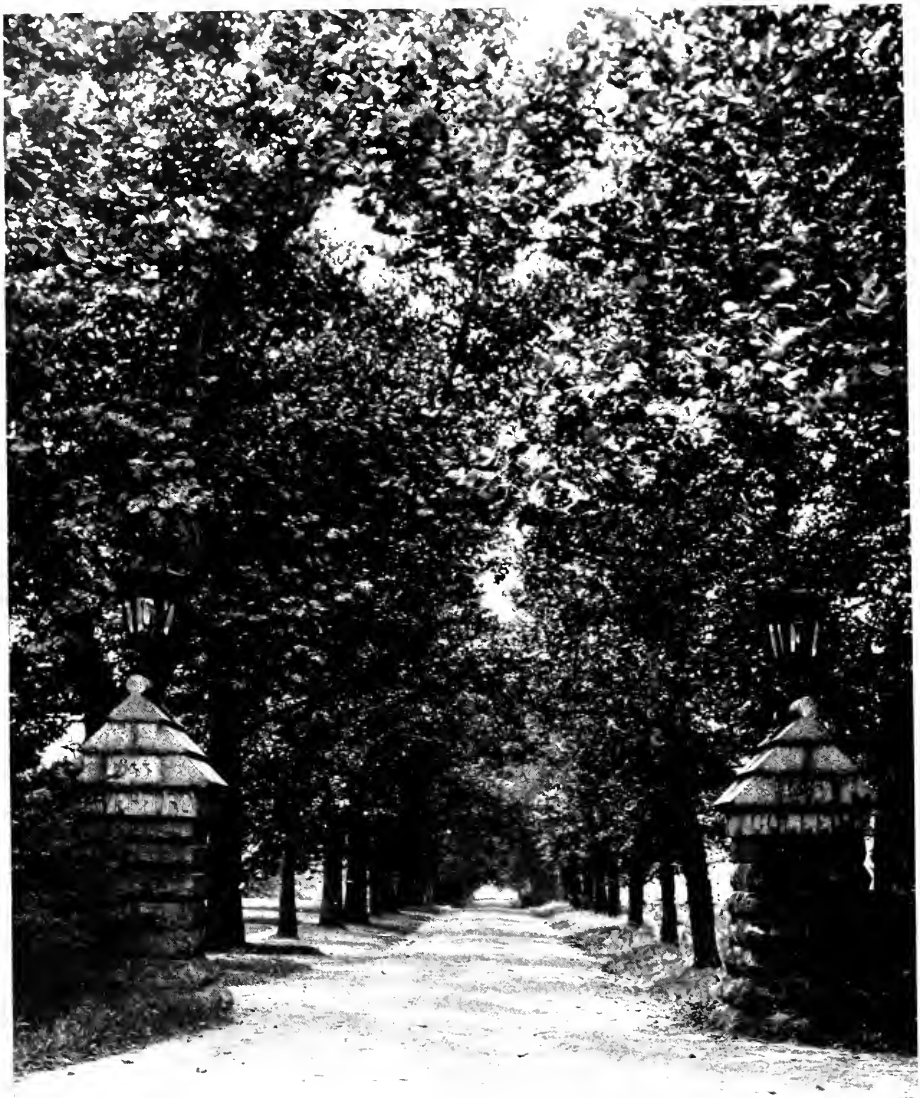
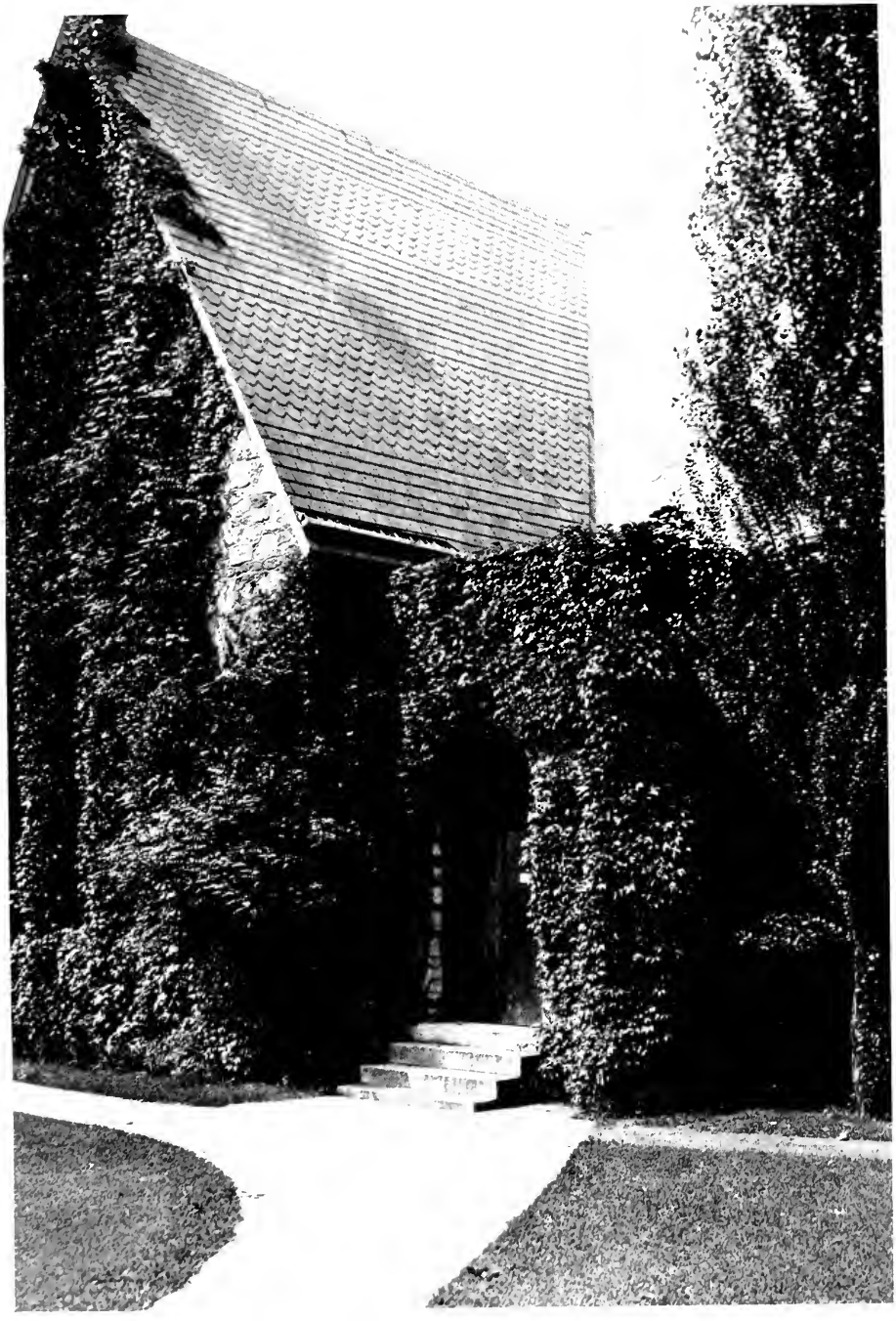
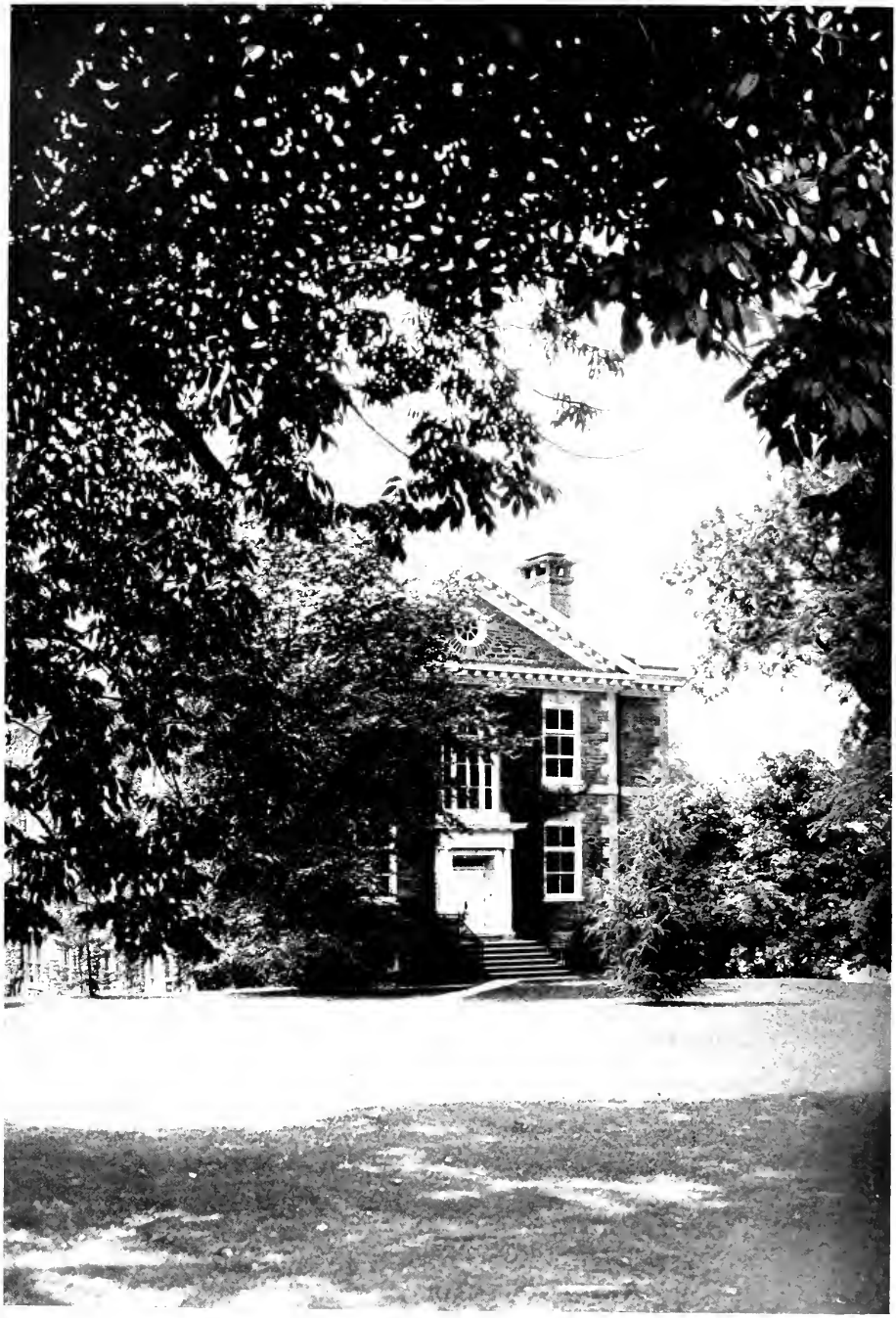
John O. Fitzsimmons
Osman J. Seeds
Theodore Whittlesey

*Deceased February, 1927







COLLEGE
OFFICES

The Faculty

WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT — *President of the College*

Born 1874. A.B., Haverford, 1894; A.B., Harvard, 1895; A.M., 1896; Ph.D., 1902; Litt.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1917; LL.D., University of Maryland, 1918. Haverford Faculty, 1897–1909; Cornell Faculty, 1909–1917; President of Haverford, 1917.

HENRY SHERRING PRATT — *Professor of Biology*

Born 1859. A.B., University of Michigan, 1882; A.M. and Ph.D., Leipzig, 1892; admitted to Ohio Bar, 1885; studied at zoölogical station Villefranche-sur-mer, at Leipzig, Freiburg, and Geneva, 1888–1892; at Harvard, 1893; at Innsbruck, 1902–1903; at Graz, 1909–1910; Haverford Faculty, 1893.

JAMES ADDISON BABBITT — *Professor of Hygiene and Physical Education*

Born 1869. A.B., Yale, 1893; A.M., Haverford, 1896; M.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1898. Haverford Faculty, 1893.

RUFUS MATTHEW JONES — *Professor of Philosophy*

Born 1863. A.B., Haverford, 1885; A.M., 1896; A.M., Harvard, 1901; Litt.D., Penn College, 1908; D.D., Harvard, 1920; LL.D., Haverford, 1922; studied at University of Heidelberg, 1887; University of Pennsylvania, 1893–1895. Principal of Oak Grove Seminary, Maine, 1889–1893; Haverford Faculty, 1893.

DON CARLOS BARRETT — *Professor of Economics*

Born 1868. A.B., Earlham College, 1889; A.M., 1893; A.M., Harvard, 1896; Ph.D., 1901; studied at University of Berlin, 1903–1904, and in England, 1914–1915. Princeton Faculty, 1917–1918, 1926; Haverford Faculty, 1897.

LEGH WILBER REID — *Professor of Mathematics*

Born 1867. B.S., Virginia Military Institute, 1887; A.B., Johns Hopkins, 1889; M.S., Princeton, 1896; Ph.D., Gottingen, 1899. Princeton Faculty, 1893–1897, 1899–1900; Haverford Faculty, 1900.

FREDERIC PALMER, Jr. — *Dean and Professor of Physics*

Born 1878. A.B., Harvard, 1900; A.M., 1904; Ph.D., 1913. Instructor in Mathematics at Asheville School, Asheville, N. C., 1900–1901; in Mathematics and Physics at Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass., 1901–1903; Lecturer in Physics at Harvard, 1918–1919; Haverford Faculty, 1904.

WILLIAM EDWARD LUNT — *Professor of English Constitutional History*

Born 1882. A.B., Bowdoin, 1904; A.M., Harvard, 1905; Ph.D., 1908; University of Wisconsin Faculty, 1908–1910; Bowdoin Faculty, 1911–1912; Cornell Faculty, 1912–1917; Haverford Faculty, 1917.

ELIHU GRANT — *Professor of Biblical Literature*

Born 1873. A.B., Boston University, 1898; A.M., 1900; Ph.D., 1906; S.T.B., 1907; ordained Methodist Episcopal Ministry, 1900. Superintendent American Friends Schools, Ram Allah, Jerusalem, 1901–1904; Smith College Faculty, 1907–1917; Haverford Faculty, 1917.

RAYNER WICKERSHAM KELSEY — *Professor of History*

Born 1879. Ph.B., Earlham College, 1900; M.L., University of California, 1908; Ph.D., 1909. Pacific College Faculty, 1901–1904; Whittier College Faculty, 1904–1906; University of California Faculty, 1906–1909; Haverford Faculty, 1909.

LEON HAWLEY RITTENHOUSE — *Professor of Engineering*

Born 1879. M.E., Stevens Institute of Technology, 1901. Electrical railway work, 1902; sales engineering, 1903; Instructor at Armour Institute, 1904–1905; Haverford Faculty, 1905.

FRANK DEKKER WATSON — *Professor of Sociology*

Born 1883. B.S., University of Pennsylvania, 1905; Ph.D., 1911. University of Pennsylvania Faculty, 1906–1911; Swarthmore Faculty, 1908–1911; New York School of Social Work, 1911–1914; Haverford Faculty, 1914.

DEAN PUTNAM LOCKWOOD — *Librarian and Professor of Latin*

Born 1883. A.B., Harvard, 1903; A.M., 1904; Ph.D., 1907. Harvard Faculty, 1909–1910; Columbia Faculty, 1911–1918; Haverford Faculty, 1918.

ALBERT HARRIS WILSON — *Associate Professor of Mathematics*

Born 1872. A.B., Vanderbilt University, 1892; A.M., 1893; Ph.D., University of Chicago, 1911; studied at Johns Hopkins, 1893–1895; Gottingen, 1899–1900, Bonn, 1903–1904. Princeton Faculty, 1895–1903; University of Illinois Faculty, 1904–1905; Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 1905–1910; Haverford Faculty, 1910.

WILLIAM BUELL MELDRUM — *Associate Professor of Chemistry*

Born 1887. A.B., McGill University, 1909; M.Sc., 1910; Ph.D., Harvard, 1914. Demonstrator in Chemistry, McGill University, 1909–1911; Instructor at Montreal Technical Institute, 1910–1911; Austin Teaching Fellow, Harvard, 1911–1912; 1851 Exhibition Research Scholar, 1912–1914; Instructor at Vassar, 1914–1917; Haverford Faculty, 1917–1918; Chemical Warfare Service, 1918–1919; Haverford Faculty, 1919.

EDWARD DOUGLAS SNYDER — *Associate Professor of English*

Born 1889. A.B., Yale, 1910; A.M., Harvard, 1911; Ph.D., 1913; studied in Europe on Bayard Cutting Fellowship from Harvard, 1913–1914. Yale Faculty, 1914–1915; Haverford Faculty, 1915.

AUSTIN KEYINGHAM GRAY — *Associate Professor of English*

Born 1888. B.A., Cambridge University, 1910; M.A., 1919; studied at University of Dijon, 1907–1908; University of Berlin, 1909–1910. Faculty of Edinburgh University, 1910–1911; Lecturer in Deccan College, Poonah, India, 1911; Faculty of University of Queensland, Brisbane, Australia, 1911–1915; Major in the British Army, 1915–1919; Faculty of University of California, 1920–1922; Haverford Faculty, 1922.

JOHN ALEXANDER KELLY — *Associate Professor of German*

Born 1889. A.B., Emory and Henry College, 1911; A.M., Columbia, 1916; Ph.D., 1920. University of Virginia Faculty, 1916–1917; Columbia Faculty, 1917–1918; U. S. N. R. F., 1918; Columbia Faculty, 1918–1920; Haverford Faculty, 1920.

JAMES McFADDEN CARPENTER, JR. — *Associate Professor of Romance Languages*

Born 1890. A.B., Haverford, 1912; A.M., 1913; Ph.D., Cornell, 1922. Cornell Faculty, 1914–1917; Haverford Faculty, 1917.

LEVI ARNOLD POST — *Associate Professor of Greek*

Born 1889. A.B., Haverford, 1911; A.M., 1911; A.M., Harvard, 1912; B.A., Oxford, 1916; M.A., 1922. Y. M. C. A. Secretary in Mesopotamia, 1917; Haverford Faculty, 1917–1918; A. E. F. in France, 1919; Haverford Faculty, 1919.

OSCAR MARSHALL CHASE — *Registrar and Assistant Professor of Drawing*

Born 1871. B.S., Haverford, 1894; M.S., 1895. Haverford Faculty, 1896.

WILLIAM REITZEL — *Assistant Professor of English*

ARLINGTON EVANS — *Instructor in Physical Training*

HENRY TATNALL BROWN, JR., B.S.

Dean of Freshman, Assistant Director of Physical Education, and Instructor in French

HENRY VOLKMAR GUMMERE, A.M. — *Lecturer on Astronomy*

FREDERIC MELUIN WHEELOCK — *Instructor in Latin and Greek*

THOMAS McCALL LOWRY, JR., A.M. — *Instructor in History*

ALFRED JULIUS SWAN — *Lecturer on Music*

WALTER WILFRED THOMSON, PH.D. — *Instructor in Chemistry*

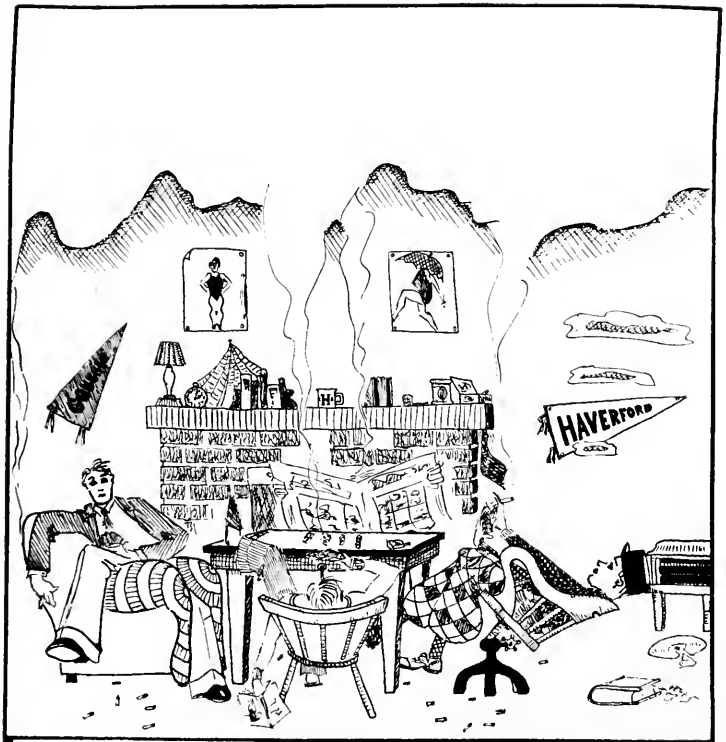
HERBERT WILLIAM TAYLOR, M.D. — *Assistant in Hygiene*

LELAND JAMES GORDON, A.M. — *Assistant in Economics*

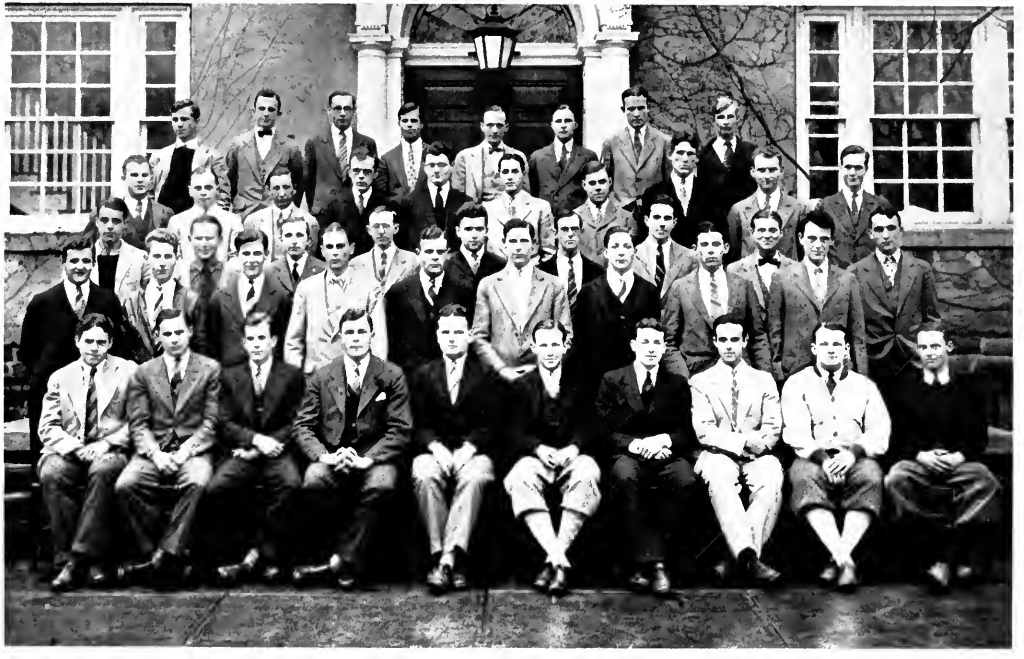
PIERSON PENROSE HARRIS, A.B., D.B. — *Assistant in English*

CARL STEPHENS VOGEL, S.B. — *Assistant in Physics*

GEORGE WILLIAM FARABAUGH, A.B. — *Assistant in German*



SENIORS



SENIOR CLASS

Officers of the Class of 1928

From 1924 to 1928

FRESHMAN YEAR

1st half		*2nd half*	
President	Richard Lane	President	John Woll
Vice-President	John Woll	Vice-President	Henry Murphey
Secretary	Richard Wistar	Secretary	Dana Marsh
Treasurer	Leonard Yoder	Treasurer	Charles Robinson

SOPHOMORE YEAR

1st half		*2nd half*	
President	Ingram Richardson	President	Tyson Stokes
Vice-President	Tyson Stokes	Vice-President	Leonard Yoder
Secretary	Oliver Melchior	Secretary	John Evans
Treasurer	Theodore Whittlesey	Treasurer	Eric Renwick

JUNIOR YEAR

1st half		*2nd half*	
President	Theodore Hetzel	President	John Evans
Vice-President	Frederick Burgess	Vice-President	Allen Thomas
Secretary	Osman Seeds	Secretary	William Bready
Treasurer	John Woll	Treasurer	Henry Murphey

FIRST HALF OF SENIOR YEAR

President	Allen Thomas
Vice-President	Morris Estes
Secretary	Frederick Burgess
Treasurer	Osman Seeds

PERMANENT OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF 1928

President	Ingram Richardson
Vice-President	John McConaghy
Secretary	William Bready
Treasurer	Henry Murphey

John Carroll Beatty, Jr.

BEVERLY, N. J.

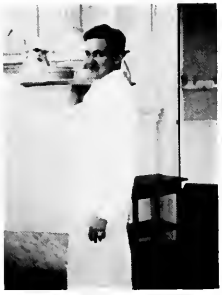
Born 1907

Entered from Burlington High School in 1924

Haverfordian Board (1, 2, 3, 4), Publication Manager (3); Business Manager RECORD, Cap and Bells Club (3, 4); Stage Manager Play; Liberal Club; Scientific Society; Play Cast (3); Play Committee (4); Founders' Club.

"Admiral" Beatty, descended of a long line of sea dogs, did not manifest his inherent bent for travel until Sophomore year. That summer, he and Stan Sargent answered the call of the "Red Gods" and bummed their way to San Francisco, making the return trip via the Panama Canal on the good ship *Julia Luckenbach*. This experience merely whetted the "Admiral's" appetite, so he made a second trip last summer, visiting Paris and the rest of Europe. During the course of his extensive travels, Beatty has become an authority on *vin blanc, vin rouge*, Munich beer, *Les Folies Bergères*, and other things which the cultured man should know. At college, Beatty has worked himself up from the bottom rung of the extra-curricular ladder. He started out as announcer for the nightly rush to the Ardmore or the Seville, standing regularly at the bottom of Founders' steps and yelling in a clear voice, "Movies!" and neatly stepping aside to dodge the frenzied outflow of "tired students." From this humble beginning, John rose to the dizzy heights of the business managership of the RECORD and the Cap and Bells Play. If smoking good cigars is any indication, "Admiral" Beatty is well on the road to a prosperous career.

"JOHNNY"



"Now let's see"

Carl Frederick Berlinger

JENKINTOWN, PA.

Born 1906

Entered Freshman Class from Frankford High School in 1924

Honor Committee (1); Customs Committee (4); Baseball Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Squad (3); Soccer Numerals (3, 4).

"Say, pass the cham, will yuh? Chees, we have better cham than this in Schwenksville. No, Berlinger of Penn is my cousin. Well, as long as there is no more cham, I guess I'll be getting over to the Library."

Of all the buildings on the campus, the Library is the nearest to Carl's heart. He averages at least six hours a day within its hallowed walls. Alas! all that glitters is not gold. Carl goes to the Library to satisfy his conscience, but not his thirst for knowledge. Once there, he settles into the same old chair, opens his book, smiles at Stoney, and goes to sleep, to rest in peace until awakened by the Librarian at closing time. Library atmosphere must seep through his skull, for he does pass most of his examinations.

Dutch will be a handy man to have around the house. When not in the library he is forever puttering around with a saw or a screwdriver, installing some new gadget. A glance into his bedroom with its maze of pulleys, strings and wires will testify to his engineering ingenuity. So far as we know, no other man in College has dabbled in so many varieties of sport. Carl has at least worn the uniform for every team at Haverford and in soccer and baseball he has done considerably more than wear the uniform.

For four years Dutch has roomed with Thomas and Murphey. Only an unquenchable good humor could have enabled him to survive such associates.

"DUTCH"

"Did the alarm go off this morning?"

Wm. Ramsey Bready, 3d

Mt. Airy, Pa.

Born 1908

Entered from Penn Charter School in 1924

Manager of Tennis; Assistant Manager of Football; Cheer Leader (3, 4); *News* Board (2, 3, 4); Publicity Editor (4); Record Board; Student Council (3, 4); Class Secretary (3); Campus Events Committee; Junior Prom. Committee; Latin Club; Scientific Society; Permanent Class Secretary; Class Day Committee; M. A. S. C. A. A. Committee; Founders' Club; Beta Rho Sigma.

Well, the Phillies won and the A's lost. Imagine it, the A's made 12 hits to the Yankees' 5, and then they go and lose the darned game. If I were Connie Mack I'd take out some of those old geezers and put in some young fellows. Say, by the way, have you been to see Ted Weems at the Stanley? He's the *nuts*. You want to go and hear him. He always has something clever to do. Gee! he pulled a funny one. Let's see, what was it now? Darn it all, I can't remember. Well, it was good, anyway. Oh, yeh, what a "putts" of a woman I had last night on that date. No more blind dates for me. I make that resolution and break it once a year, but no more blind dates from now on. Oh, boy, we're going to have a hot time on our tennis trip down south. I've never been down at Washington and Lee, but from what I hear . . . I got to cut Lunt next Friday to manage the team. That guy Lunt makes us work our heads off, you ought to take History 4 and see what a hard course is like—you with all your cinch courses: English courses, poetry and music. Well, I got to get to work now for my Lunt quiz . . ."*Is she my girl friend, yow-de-ow-dow, hey, hey . .* "

"BILL"

"*I haven't got it in my notes; it's not important*"

Edward Dexter Brown

Mt. Airy, Pa.

Born 1906

Entered from Germantown Friends School in 1924

Classical Club; English Club.

Dex has a sincere faith in the veracity of the human race and a firm belief in the innate seriousness of life which even rooming with Keith and Bull cannot eradicate. In fact, his only dissipation is the consumption of peanuts, of which vegetable he has imbibed 1,268,497 specimens during his college career.*

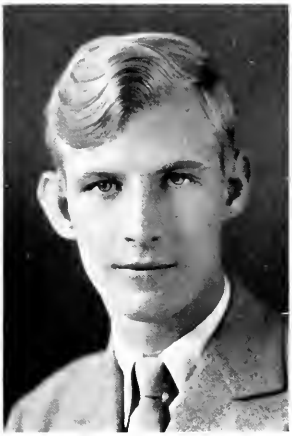
One of his most endearing attributes is his whole-hearted credulence. Never will we forget his politeness to Etnier, the Lithuanian exchange student, or his wide-eyed surprise when informed that the entire Y. M. C. A. cabinet had been expelled for absconding with the Charity Chest Funds. Since becoming a devotee of the theater and of the more sophisticated forms of literature, however, Dex has lost some of his youthful faith. His diary we hope some day to publish as a horrible example of the debauching effect of a college career on a struggling young soul.

The siren call of tennis lures him, and any spring morning a supple figure in trim white flannels may be seen wending its way from 6 Lloyd to the regions beyond the library. His wide range of interests and infallible good humor have endeared him to all who have overcome his natural reticence, and have won him the well-deserved nickname of "Good ol' Dex."

* Since this copy goes to press on April 1, statistics are complete up to that date only.

"DEX"

"How dumb!"



Richard Cornelius Bull

Milford, Pa.

Born 1907

Entered from Milford High School in 1924

Haverfordian Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Play (1); Cap and Bells Club; Classical Club; English Club; Class Debating Team (1); Record Board.

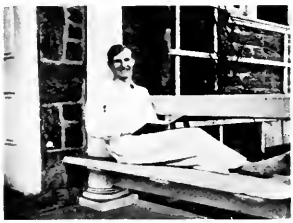
We shall always remember Dick's struggle with his roommate, "Fighting Joe" McFarland, in Freshman year. The latter insisted on reading aloud Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*. Page 68 was reached and then suddenly all five volumes vanished and the reading was no more.

Dick's philosophy might be summed up in one word—comfort. When not at class he may usually be found in his room clad in his cerise and orange pajamas. His pilgrimage to the library in pajamas, shoes, and Keith's camel's-hair coat is part of our class history.

Few people in the class had such an appropriate costume for the last ethics class and his impersonation of the Queen of Sheba seducing a poor innocent was superb. Not many members of the class can boast of having seen so many plays, operas and concerts during a four-years' stay at college. Dick has averaged about a hundred and fifty plays a year, only forsaking the theater during Lent, when he substitutes three or four operas a week.

In his soberer moments Dick can be an excellent student, as his high averages and honors works in nearly everything, testify. He expects to continue his studies at the Penn Law School next winter and we venture the opinion that the late Mrs. Snyder would never have reached the electric chair had she but decided to wait five years before being indiscreet.

"DICK"



"*Oh*, ——, I *am* sleepy!"

Frederick M. Burgess

ARDMORE, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Swarthmore Preparatory School in 1924

Freshman Track Team; Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 4); J. V. Soccer Team (4); Numerals (4); Assistant Manager of Basketball (3); Corporation Scholar (2); Instrumental Club (2, 4); Cap and Bells Play (2, 3); Cap and Bells Club; *News* Board (3); RECORD Board (4); Class Vice-President (3); Secretary (4).

Four years ago, we marveled at the earnest-looking, silent, studious, energetic, and purposeful little fellow with horn-rimmed spectacles who arose regularly at 7, retired ditto at 9, paused not for idle chatter, pursued his daily work with spirit and fierce intent, and thoroughly avoided the rest of the world. Tempus has fugit, and three terrible years have left their marks. He is now Little Musgrave, and is unable to hide the effects of several Fords, many questionable affairs of passion, atropin, the heebie-jeebies, disillusionments, procrastination, and two terrible wives. He has learned to smoke and swear, is much less purposeful and energetic, and has acquired an unfortunate habit of forgetfulness. He is a wonderful musician—all he lacks is a sense of time and the ability to carry a tune—and a great soccer player, being able to fall down oftener and better than any six fellows put together. Let us not disparage Little Musk Ox. He is a great social success. He has lacked one thing in life, however. Nobody understands him or sympathizes with him Unfortunately, Little Musgrave does not realize how much we love and understand him.

"MUSK OX" "LITTLE MUSGRAVE"

"FRED"

"Well, you see, it was thisaway . . . "

15 Dash Place
Fieldston NYC

Royal Stanton Davis

New York City

Born 1907

Entered from the Ethical Culture School in 1924

Track Team (3, 4); "Y" Cabinet (4); Corporation Scholar (1, 2, 3); Liberal Club, Treasurer (3); President (4); Chemistry Club (2, 3, 4); Secretary (3); J. V. Tennis Team (2); Scientific Society; Classical Club; English Club; Cope Fellowship; Chess Team (1, 2, 3, 4).

A BOLSHEVIST IDYLL*

I was sitting in the anteroom of the headquarters of the Communist Party, waiting to interview that great puppet of Moscow, Royal S. Davis. My fears of meeting this formidable demon, already great enough, were increased tenfold by my hearing a fierce bass in the next room, singing:

"Oh, better far to live and die
Under the brave Red flag I fly,
Than play a sanctimonious part
With a Bolshevik head and a Bolshevik heart.
Away to the Rotary Club go *you*,
Where Babbits all are well to do,
But Rotary Clubs all make me sick,
I'll live and die a Bolshevik.

"I went to college and did my worst;
I stormed and threatened and thundered and cursed;
I raised a few more stinks, it's true,
Than a Quaker student ought to do,
Which Fritzie, the Dean, thought pretty low
And always hastened to tell me so,
Tho' *he's* always kicking against the pricks
Like all the rest of us Bolsheviks.

"I evaded Meeting left and right
And went to classes just for spite;
But soon I found it was no use,
For all the profs were too obtuse,
And bridge and chess then made me see
The uselessness of faculty.
Meantime to track my efforts turned
And there my calories I burned."

With this the door opened, and to my surprise, a dapper little doctor appeared, sporting a Phi Beta Kappa key. He nodded amiably and walked out; and I, thinking there was no more to learn about his college career, went my way without pursuing him farther.

* With appropriate apologies to W. S. Gilbert.

"ROY"

"*But now look, Hollander——*"

Morris Wilbur Estes

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Born 1908

Entered from Tufts College in 1925

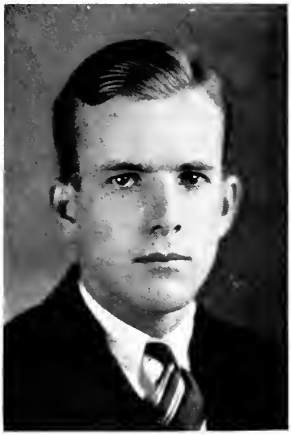
Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); "H" (3, 4); Captain (4); Tennis Squad (2, 3, 4); Class Vice-President (4); RECORD Board; Athletic Cabinet (4).

NOW PLAYING
MORRIS WILBUR ESTES
IN
WU MUSH—THE SHANGHAI JESTER

"What's down at the Ardmore? It's that picture about Wu Mush—darn funny show—I saw it in Bahston last summer. This fellow Mush makes the snappiest wise cracks, he just steps up to the pretty girl—let's see, what's her name? Anyway, she sure is *hot*—he says, 'I'm Mush from Bahston, ah-h-h-h, and she just looks at him and thinks he's wonderful. Well, all the time she doesn't know that he's just a door-man and sort of a Chinaman and everything, and of course he's as good looking as the deuce. Well, one day she trails him to a room full of blue smoke and pipes and things and right away she knows he's a Bridge fiend. Gee, it gets darned exciting, and she makes him keep training except over the week-ends, and he gets to be soccer captain. Every time he's made a goal he comes running back up the field, and gee—his dribbling is as clever as the deuce. Say, I'm going down to see the show again; anybody got a quatter?"

"MUSH"

"Huh, that's not funny"



John Temple Evans

LANSDOWNE, PA.

Born 1907

Entered from Lansdowne High School in 1924

Class Secretary (2); Class President (3); Chairman Junior Day Committee; Chairman Senior Class Day Committee; Chairman Customs Committee (2); Student Extension Committee (2); RECORD Board; Secretary-Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (2); Vice-President Y. M. C. A. (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (2, 3, 4); Corporation Scholarship (1, 3); Founders' Club Prize; Instrumental Club (2, 4); Welsh Club (4); Founders' Club; J. V. Soccer (2); "H" (3, 4); Tennis Numerals (2); "H" (3, 4); Captain (4); Winner Virginia Cup; Athletic Cabinet (4).

Jack is Lansdowne's gift to Haverford. "Here," said Lansdowne, "is my idea of the ideal student—for I do not wish you to think that I recognize those ribald fellows, Fox and Melchior." Freshman year Jack's quiet and scholarly manners received official recognition from the Founders Club. Sophomore year found him changed a little but still under the influence of his roll-top desk, dubbed the "covered wagon." Junior year he showed signs of weakening and turned vigorously athletic, making the soccer and tennis teams, winning the captaincy of the latter at the end of the season. Senior year—well, we won't be indiscreet. All we can say is, "Lansdowne, Lansdowne, how are thy mighty fallen! Lo, thy son returns to thy bosom a prodigal and a wastrel, steeped in all the respectable vices." And if Lansdowne has any sense she will thank God for it, for Haverford returns to her a gentleman and a scholar, but above all a human one, after having absorbed some of the frailties of mankind.

Jack's success in scholarship is equaled by the way in which he ran the best Junior Prom in Haverford's history and his numerous executive offices on the campus. What a pity he has decided to be an engineer rather than teach English in Haverford College, and what a jolly and fraternal department it would be!

"JACK"

"That's Fine!"
"Huh? Yeah!"

John O. Fitzsimmons, Jr.

New York City

Born 1907

Entered from Evander Childs High School in 1924

Radio Club; Scientific Society; Rhinie Try-outs; Instrumental Club (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; Football Squad (3, 4); Numerals (4); Record Board; Automobile Association.

"You guys are all wrong when you say I argue. Look here, Herb, who started this argument. No, I didn't, but I'm not going to stand here and have you tell me I argue all the time when I don't. I tell you I don't argue, but I'm not," etc., ad infinitum. We thought it was only fair to Fitz to point out that he doesn't argue, since some people have misunderstood him a bit on that point. To start with the worst, John is most infamous for being the cause of the most peculiar combination of noises and musical tones which used to issue from the second entry. Fitz is well known (to the Dean) as the proud owner of a Ford, affectionately known as Little Eva. Little Eva is a pleasure car, but it is a great mystery who gets the pleasure.

Most of these facts are known, but we are now going to disclose what has hitherto only passed among the inner circle—John does card tricks. He has been caught practicing at all hours. In fact, this avocation took so much time one week that he had to sit down and tear off an English 17 theme in a couple of hours. That was really too bad, because John only got an A with a strong commendation from Dr. Snyder. We insert this little incident just to show that John deserves his nickname, "a very remarkable fellow." If you want to be on the right side take Fitzsimmons' side.

"FITZ" "SNICKLE"

"I always claim you're right, but . . . "

Clarence Keely Fox

LANSDOWNE, PA.

Born 1907

Entered from Lansdowne High School in 1924

Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (2), Captain of Freshman Track Team; Manager of Basketball; Senior Day Committee; Student Extension Committee (3, 4); Triangle Society.

"Melcherrrr!"
"Whaaaat!"
"Come heeeere, look at Stokes!"

The fifth entry of Lloyd Hall has echoed with this kind of caterwauling at least once a day for the past year. Fox and Melchior came to Haverford from Lansdowne together and they have remained inseparable ever since. Their mutual acceptance of each other is perhaps due most of all to a common joy in making themselves appear ridiculous.

Keely, he of the big brown eyes, is a very versatile fellow. He started out to make the track team in Freshman year and has been a mainstay in the sprints ever since. Another ambition, fully satisfied, was to become "the smoothest" basketball manager in Haverford's history. Only once, on that memorable trip to Princeton in the blizzard of Junior year did Keely, hopping over fallen live wires, lose any of his finesse in the execution of his basketball duties.

Perhaps you have wondered why Kuppenheimer has always made such stylish clothing. The answer is found in a little card which came to us recently.

> "We take great pleasure in announcing that Mr. C. Keely Fox of New York and Paris will be associated with us as dictator of styles. It should be a great distinction for our customers to have the knowledge that our clothes hold the approval of this most particular of connoisseurs.

But, seriously now, when not troubled with bad eyes, headaches or rheumatism, Keely is the best company and the most exuberant personality in Haverford College.

"FOX"

Kenneth C. Gray

New York City

Born 1906

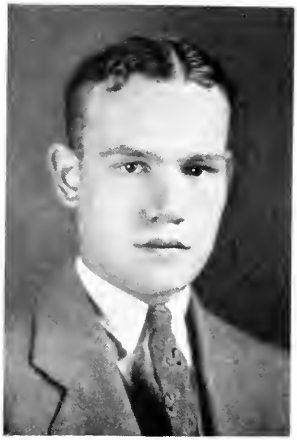
Entered from Evander Childs High School in 1924

Deceased February 10, 1927

Press Club; Sub-assistant Track Manager; Scientific Society; Class Chairman (1); Chemistry Club; Record Board.

When a man dies while still with his class in college, it is always a blow. When Kenneth Gray passed from us it was a tragic loss to Haverford College, but particularly to '28. Unfortunate enough to be afflicted with a weak heart, only he and his immediate family knew that his life hung by a slender thread and it was only his most intimate friends who knew even a fractional part of the difficulties he had to face. Because of his wonderfully cheerful spirit and courageous outlook, most of the men in College had no idea of the problem which was always with him. This is a rare and perfect tribute. With every excuse for self-indulgence, he set an example for true living which has shamed all of us blessed with better health. He gave to every activity upon which it was possible for him to enter the full benefit of his vigorous and winning personality. With characteristic energy he was one of the first to work toward the completion of this book, to the Board of which he had been elected. Instead of leaving behind him the comparatively insignificant work for this inconsequential Record, he leaves behind something far more worth while in the record of Ken Gray as he *lived* it at Haverford with us. Furthermore, he has left a memory of spirit and companionship which we shall remember long after this volume has been consigned to the rubbish heap.

"KEN"



Arthur B. Hallock, Jr.

PARKESBURG, PA.

Born 1906

Entered from Haverford School in 1924

Classical Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Classical Club Play (1, 2).

What's in a name? In the case of Abie there's plenty. Strangers don't ask his to his face, but his roommates have to go through a tedious process explaining that his nickname hasn't changed the shape of his nose, that he's a good boy from Parkesburg, and a gentile. And while on the subject of gentiles we might say that a more gentle fellow we have yet to meet. There has been much speculation and the conclusion is that Hallock might lose his temper if you tore up one of his 15,000-word theses just as he was about to hand it to his professor. Some people doubt if he would then. In the summer in the dining room some annoyance is caused when Abie proceeds to blush and heat up the molecules for yards around him. In the winter, however, this is welcome and not infrequently one sees the boys extending their hands in the proximity of Hallock's face in order to thaw them out. To compensate for the extra heat in the summer, Abie does all the milk pouring and other odd tasks, such as straightening out the tinware and eating his own meal. But don't get the impression that Hallock's paradise is the dining room. He also has his great moment in the classroom when he comes out with the statement of facts. "Well, I think, Dr. Barrett, it was something like . . . "

"A. B."

"Yes, indeed"

William K. Hartzell

TREICHLERS, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Northampton High School in 1924

Baseball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals (1, 2, 3); Manager of Football (4); Scientific Society; Radio Club; Chemical Club; Classical Club; Beta Rho Sigma.

Can you imagine a man who is generally considered to be the class sheik being a Pennsylvania Dutchman and claiming a place called Treichlers, Pa., for his home town? Well, anyway, that is the truth, believe it or not. But, Treichlers or no Treichlers, Bill has the necessary qualifications (see above) plus poise, grace, good humor, and a snappy 1920 model Studebaker sport touring car left to him as a legacy by the late Foster Webster. That gentleman saw possibilities in Bill as early as Freshman year and lent his august energies to the moulding of a product capable of upholding the traditions of the great W. F. W.

Bill's greatest achievement, aside from the attainment of high grades with little effort, was his management of the football team. The squad for the first time had no one at whom to swear, which must have been most disappointing to it and gratifying to the manager. Bill's southpaw slants are expected to befuddle many an opposing batsman on the diamond this spring and he is a little befuddled himself as to what he will do after he has framed his sheepskin. He showed great promise for medicine in Biology 2, but complications of a social nature seem to be weakening his resolve to enter the medical school, with its long, hard road ahead.

"BILL"

"Hey, Pop"

Theodore Brinton Hetzel

West Chester, Pa.

Born 1906

Entered from Westtown School in 1924

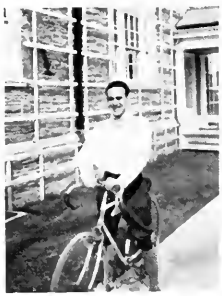
News Board (1, 2); Record Board (4); Curriculum Committee (3, 4); Corporation Scholarship (3); Scientific Society (1, 2); Treasurer (3, 4); Liberal Club (3, 4); Y. M. C. A. Vice-President (3); Cabinet (4); Student Council (2, 3); Class President (3).

When Hetzel appeared at the beginning of Junior year with two-foot mustachios which were not quite successful in concealing a gold tooth, he presented a figure not at all in keeping with that of president of the Class and vice-president of the Y rolled into one. The whiskers soon disappeared, however, not so much because of the entreaties of his roommates, but for the same reason that grass will not grow on a race track.

He then settled down to assume his rôle of hiker, bicycler, and star German student of the College; and there is not a highway or byway within twenty miles that has not echoed to the clatter of his hobnails or the hum of his tires, nor a German book in the Library but bears the mark of his fingerprints.

He has the unique honor of being our only member who has traveled in Europe during every vacation. (S. T. C. A.—see Hetzel 32L.) We predict that he will go far in the world—on his bicycle.

"TED"



"Gott sei Dank!"

Richard Lionel Hillier

BURLINGTON, N. J.

Born 1907

Entered from Bucknell University in 1925

J. V. Soccer Team (4); Numerals (4); Intramural Athletics Committee (4); Class Soccer Team (4); Scientific Society; English Club.

Have you read the series of books known as the Over Boys? You know the Over Boys—Joe Blutz, Jack Cheeseman, Gus Geevem, and their little playmates. Of course, we are only interested in those of Gus Geevem, but to make the story complete Joe Blutz and his gang must be mentioned. An interesting volume might be written entitled *The Over Boys at Bryn Mawr;* or, *It's the Woman Who Pays.* (Dick has a weakness for blind dates at Bryn Mawr, it's rumored.) But we must stop associating his name with Juniors and women, since both are out of place in this book. (The one thing that Geevem has suffered most from at college is association with Collison.) We might devote several special volumes to Gus Geevem, Goal-keeper; Gus Geevem, Sleepwalker; Gus Geevem, Sportsman; and, finally, Gus Geevem, Poet. We must explain that Geevem is not really a poet—he merely has a poet's soul and, as such, scorns all engineers (he rooms with Shank). Another thing that may have produced his poetic soul is the fact that he has absorbed a vast number of English courses. Returning to our story, we are sure that the rest of the Over Boys will miss Geevem, but it's probably a good thing for him to get away from their influence; and we personally don't care what happens to them—they're merely Juniors.

"DICK"

"Puh" (musical note?)

Nelson J. Hogenauer

New York City

Born 1906

Entered from Evander Childs High School in 1924

Football Squad (1); Class Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Chess Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Play (4).

We are now prepared to offer the public the new 1928 model Hogenauer. It is a well-established fact that when bigger and better Hogenauers come to college, Haverford will try and educate them. This latest Hogenauer is absolutely guaranteed to bum cigarettes for an indefinite period of time. (We must apologize here, because Hogie did send a pack of Luckies to several of his friends for Christmas and, of course, that should allow him to bum for four years.) As for chess playing, the Nelson model will outpull anything on the road. In the less important matter of football, this Hogenauer preserves the reputation of the company. (Nelson was forced to leave the squad on account of injury, but preserved his title as permanent captain of '28.) There is one thing we regret to state that our engineers were unable to remove—a certain vibration technically known as a laugh. We found that we could not get rid of it without a great loss of power, and since the chief characteristic of this model consists in small size combined with the power of a bigger car, we have left the vibration alone. Notwithstanding this and the fact that it consumes a large amount of English plays, we can recommend it thoroughly for service, speed, power, and lines (Hogie is in the play this year).

"HOGEY"

"Mail come yet?"

Edward D. Hollander

BALTIMORE, MD.

Born 1908

Entered from Baltimore City College
in 1924

News Board (1, 2, 3); Managing Editor (3); Curriculum Committee (2); Secretary (3); Chairman (4); Corporation Scholarship (3, 4); Varsity Debating Team (3, 4); Class Debating Team (2, 3, 4); Chairman Debating Council (3, 4); Everett Medal (2); Alumni Prize (3); Class Track Team (1, 2); Track Squad (2).

In looking for the peculiarities of this enterprising youth, we could find nothing else but. We won't blame him for being born in Baltimore, but he has no excuse for reading the *Sun* as though it were gospel or playing lacrosse. He stays up all night just so he can miss breakfast. We don't know what he learns in these all-night sessions, but he was the second man in the class to announce his engagement. After Hollander had carried his debating activities into the Dean's office once too often, Fritzie is reported to have said, "Be good, sweet boy, and let the Dean be clever." Since his Semitic acquisitive instinct has been thwarted by rooming three years with a Quaker, he has sublimated it as chairman of the curriculum committee by working the Faculty for undreamed-of concessions.

From his long contact with the *News*, one would never suspect his taste for good literature, but he is really one of the undergraduate mainstays of the English department. He commutes regularly to Baltimore, has a passion for Wagner, raw oysters, Gilbert and Sullivan, Keats, Helen Hayes, shower baths, Barrie, hors d'œuvres, and Browning and is sure to every time he hears one writhe in agony at the sound of a split infinitive.

"ED" "YIDDISH IDIOT"

"Wake me for collection"

Allen Fayette Horton

Mt. Airy, Pa.

Born 1907

Entered from Germantown Friends School in 1924

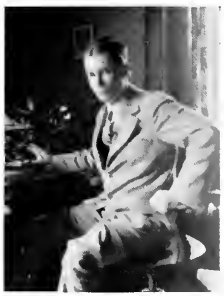
News Board (1, 2); Sporting Editor (3); Editor (4); Manager of Musical Clubs; Cheer Leader; Student Council (3, 4); Secretary-Treasurer (3); Cricket (2); Team (3, 4); Curriculum Committee (3, 4); Student Extension Committee (2); Campus Events Committee (2, 3); Classical Club Play (1, 2, 4); Founders' Club; Cap and Bells Club; Triangle Society.

At 7.15 every single morning for four years a faithful alarm clock has pulled "the Monk" out of bed. Every single morning he has donned his bathrobe and slippers and shuffled into the bathroom with towel over right shoulder and toothbrush drooping out of his mouth. Even the coldest morning cannot rob this slave of habit of his cold shower.

Al has been one of the busiest men in college and in an attempt to give you an idea of what his roommate has had to put up with, we print a résumé of Al's day as told to a reporter for the *News*.

"My editorial last week denouncing green linoleum was exactly right in spite of what Hollander, Davis, and the Dean may think. As President Wilson (General Lee, Jim Reed) says, 'one cannot hope for political success unless you know the first names of all Freshmen.' There will probably be a trip lasting several weeks for the Musical Clubs in New England. (Will you have a Salomé cigarette?) I shall always be a Democrat and expect to move to New Jersey, where my vote will be more appreciated. Pardon me a moment, but it is time for me to brush my hair and wash my hands. While I am doing so, will you please collect my morning's mail in that pillow case? No, cheer leading is not so good as it used to be when I and Bready were doing it. Although I have entertained the thought, I do not think my experience in the Classical Club warrants my following the stage professionally. Cricket is my chosen sport and I am trying to convince Stokes that I am necessary to the success of the eleven. That will be all for today."

"Well, Stokes, be a gentleman for once and come to bed."



"AL" "MONK"

"All right, I'll be a gentleman"

John Q. Hunsicker, 3d

New York City

Born 1906

Entered from West Chester High School in 1924

Record Board (4); Class Debating Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Debating Team (3, 4); Debating Council (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Play (1); Cap and Bells Club; Classical Club Play (2, 3); Classical Club; Football Squad (1); Class Football (1, 2, 3).

"Well, now, Dr. So and So, don't you think——?" We had not been in class more than a few minutes when we were introduced to this booming and measured voice which goes on and on like Tennyson's brook. Ethics was saved from any possible dullness by the arguments of Messrs. Hunsicker and Jones, with the former advancing his individualistic ideas and the latter his more conventional ones, and each refusing to yield the floor to the other. Unquestionably one of the cleverest bits of wit in class history was produced when, after one of these arguments, the following was found tacked to the bulletin board: "An ass spake with a man's voice and stayed the madness of the prophet." II Peter 2.16.

But we must not leave a false impression. Jack would have been a mainstay on the football team had he found time to devote his whole attention to that sport. No one is more pleasantly gregarious in his tastes. There is nothing Jack likes better than a fire and a pipe and congenial companions with whom he can discuss any conceivable question and point out the fallacious reasoning of our eminent faculty. Jack goes on to Law School and he will win all of his cases. What he says is said so impressively and takes such a long time, that the jury will take it for granted and immediately fall asleep.

"JACK"

"Why, it's preposterous"

John A. H. Keith, Jr.

HARRISBURG, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Indiana Normal Secondary School in 1924

Instrumental Club (1, 3); Cap and Bells Club; Classical Club Play (1, 2); Classical Club; Chamber Music Society.

"My name is John Alexander Hull Keith, Jr. I was born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and live in Indiana, Pennsylvania." These startling words coming, as they did, from the tallest and youngest member of our class, aroused a storm of shrieks and tomatoes on the opening night of our college career. "Jock" immediately became the most conspicuous member of the class and he has never failed to present a vivid picture. There was his famous interpretation of the snake in the ballet of the Rhinie cakewalk; there was his startling characterization of a society matron in the Freshman try-outs, there was the altogether morbidly horrible hag of *Aulularia*, there was the famous episode of the bag of bricks—yet none of these can compare with the glory of his Lady Godiva at the last meeting of Philosophy 5.

His pajamas are invariably masterpieces of blatant artistry, chilling the very marrow of more sensitive souls, and who can forget the big burly coat which has veiled him Senior year? Besides his work at Haverford he has faithfully studied on the violin and at composition. His efforts with the Chamber Music Society and in organizing a band Senior year are among his permanent contributions to Haverford. Next year he is studying on a scholarship at the University of Toulouse. We cannot repress a chuckle when we think of what the Toulousian conception of an American college will be.

"JOCK"

"Let me sleep until after breakfast"

Joseph MacLain King

HARRISBURG, PA.

Born 1906

Entered from Mercersburg Academy
in 1924

Freshman Relay Team; Scientific Society; Sophomore Prize in Mathematics; Golf Team (4).

24 Dickinson
Princeton

Have you heard the one about the Scotchman (now stop me if you've heard this one) who during his Sophomore year at Haverford was inveigled into a blind date at Goucher College? But even a Scotchman must spend some money and Mac got rid of his by studying the drama through Hetzel's field glasses and buying all the *Cosmopolitans* for his roommates. Which brings to mind the fact that he has an atrocious habit of thinking of the other fellow once in a while and as a result suffers from unappreciative roommates. The above mentioned habit is (psychologically speaking) compensated for by an admirable trait of Mac's which consists in taking fiendish delight in disturbing his friends when they are not in the humor. This is appreciated by the aforesaid roommates. Our Scotchman has an unusual advantage over most of the graduating class in that he starts his business career with the golf habit and an excellent build for it (you know the type). There is something in the magnetic appeal of his desk to engineering students that baffled us for a long time until we had an inspiration from a quotation that Dr. Jones gave us in ethics. "Let a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, make a better mousetrap, or compile a better engineering note book, even if he build his house in the fifth entry, the world will make a beaten track to his door."

"MACK" "MICKY"

"What are you doin'?"

Richard Thatcher Lane

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Born 1905

Entered from Westtown in 1924

Class President (1); Student Council (1); Student Extension Committee (1); Cap and Bells Club (3, 4); Assistant Secretary (4); Glee Club (3, 4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Scientific Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Westtown Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Football (1, 4).

"Hi, fellows, can I come in and sit down?" This was Lane, the Rhinie. "Get the heck out of here, I have to study." This is Lane, the Senior. That is roughly illustrative of the decline and fall of his inferiority complex. His request to be able to come in and bull was never denied, and he soon made so many friends by his "hail fellow, well met" disposition that he had to seclude himself to get anything done. We used to despair of his ever going to a dance, standing up for himself, or making a decision on his own hook; but a transformation soon set in and by Senior year he had long lost his "Quaker feet," and had shown the initiative to organize and manage our first golf team, where many before him had failed, as well as to handle the hardest job in the "Y," that of community center work. With his contagious smile ever present, he seems equally at home playing golf, adjusting "Susie's" carburetor, playing his banjo, working in the Engin. lab, or helping out a bull session. His notorious love for clothes has resulted in his having bought and sold probably half the old clothes in college. He gives vent to his musical talents through his banjo, the Glee Club, and in vainly trying to get Richardson to coördinate the time and tune of a popular piece. Among his pet delusions we notice that he thinks he doesn't like his curly hair, that Germantown is a good place to do German, and that a second-hand car is a good buy.

"DICK" "ENGINEER"

"For gosh sakes!"

John Stead McConaghy

MERION, PA.

Born 1907

Entered from William Penn Charter School in 1924

Track Team (2, 3, 4); "H" (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Soccer Team (3, 4); "H" (3, 4); Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (3, 4); Leader (4); Cap and Bells Club; Scientific Society; Classical Club Play (1); Permanent Class Vice-President; Student Council (4); Founders' Club.

To get an adequate idea of the howl with which Mac greets Wistar's inevitable extracts from *College Humor*, you must try to imagine a gargle glorified to the proportions of a fire siren. The lethal silence of the dining room is periodically shattered by these vocal gymnastics which have permanently enshrined him in the auricular apparatus of his classmates. From this, one would never suspect the vocal talent that has earned him the leadership of the Glee Club. The funereal tempo of the dining room singing is his despair, and he labors under the fond delusion that he can speed it up.

Another of his pet delusions is that his prestige as Track captain adds force to Pop's entreaties for bigger and better attendance at winter Track practice. But everyone knows that he got to be Track captain only because he was so scared by the pistol that he broke both the hurdle records in the Swarthmore meet.

Still another of his delusions is that cleanliness is next to godliness. He carries this even to the extreme of brushing his teeth after each meal. Except for an occasional slip (in which his innocence is more real than apparent), his godliness is in keeping with his cleanliness. His godly (or ungodly) predilection for good clean fun makes him the pride and joy of all the Main Line matrons.

"JACK" "MAC"

"That's foul, disgusting . . . absurd!"

Michael McEntee

DOYLESTOWN, PA.

Born 1905

Entered from Doylestown High School in 1924

Freshman Track Team; Track Squad (2); Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 3); Cap and Bells Club; Band (4); Classical Club.

"Toot! Toot!" No, boys, that's not the circus parade, it's just Mike and his pet trumpet, Leonora. Yes, they are quite inseparable. Mike takes his blowing seriously, and has become, by dint of much faithful work, the very medulla oblongata of the Instrumental Club, while his puffing with the band received no mean approbation. Probably Mike is the only Haverfordian who has ever really gone "in training" for music. Every morning he takes Leonora for a stroll about the campus before breakfast, every evening he adds to his chest expansion by a ten-mile bicycle ride, and he pursues his soup-eating gymnastics with applaudable vigor. "The strenuous life," eh, what?

Mike is also an ardent admirer of the great philosophers. Freshman year he digested all of Schopenhauer's *Essays on Pessimism*, and he has never since become entirely reconciled to the fair sex. His laboratory course in Epicureanism takes up a large portion of his time. In lighter vein he finds the cinema diverting, and is not even above an occasional visit to the Bijou theater in the company of Phil Sheaff. Between times he manages to do a good deal of studying, applying himself to his work with habitual diligence.

"MIKE"

"What the hell!"

Oliver Wiley Melchior

Lansdowne, Pa.

Born 1906

Entered from Lansdowne High School in 1924

Class Treasurer (2); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Play (4); Cap and Bells Club; Student Extension Committee (3, 4); Junior Day Committee; Track Squad 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball "H" 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain (3); Athletic Cabinet (3, 4).

"Hello, Dad. Yes, I'm working very hard tonight for a history quiz tomorrow. It's very interesting. I think I will get a B. I find time for a little exercise now and then. Why, I sent my laundry home three days ago. No, I won't. Good-night " . . . "I know this history; how about a little bridge for an hour?"

Oliver is king of all the indoor sports. For four years he played on the varsity basketball team, captaining the five in Junior year. He holds the College record for the most games played in any one sport. He likewise holds the record for sleep under any and all circumstances. If not indulging in either of these pursuits, he may be found playing various varieties of solitaire, reading the best books, or wrangling at Fox or with him at the expense of the unfortunate third party who happens to be within the swath of their stinging sarcasm.

Ol has been collecting money for various business enterprises ever since he has been in College. When he takes over the agency for shoe repairing, he works out a wonderful system of charts, lists, and accounts which has always produced the same result. He has had to find another agency to pay off the money he still owes for shoes, in spite of all the system.

Oliver's good natured, devil-may-care outlook on life, and his sense of humor should take him far, provided he stays out of the bank business.

"DAN" "OL"

"But it's fun!"

Montfort U. Melchior

Lansdowne, Pa.

Born 1903

Entered Class of 1926 from Lansdowne High School in 1922

Entered Class of 1928 in 1926

News Board (2, 3); Corporation Scholar (4); Class Debating Team (1, 2).

Mont started out for a college education in 1922, but after completing his first two years he got sidetracked on the line which leads to France and higher education, before entering College again in Junior year as a member of '28. Among other things acquired in France besides a fluency in the language, was a wife, thus giving him the distinction of being the only married undergraduate in College. During the two years that we have known him he has made a name for himself as one of our most distinguished scholars and has held the permanent chairmanship of the "board of directors" with infinite ability and shrewdness. His keen mind which has so often been profitable at crises in negotiations of the "corporations" has found further expression in a love for endless debate and an aptitude for languages that is really remarkable. If Mont speaks to the waiter in perfect Swedish and the waiter turns out to be a Turk, our embarrassment is momentary, for he has soon corrected this greatest of social errors. Melchior will soon be synonymous with Berlitz. But what we admire most about the man is his ability to cut all classes and make the Dean like it, for he always gets his A's, cutting or no cutting.

"MONTY"

"Be sure to get me up for breakfast, Robbie"

Samuel B. Morrison

HOLMESBURG, PA.

Born 1907

Entered from Frankford High School in 1924

Freshman Track Team; Reserve Football (1, 2); President English Club (4); Liberal Club; Class Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Squad (1, 2).

Box 749
Johns Hopkins

"No, not a moral pervert, but a poetical genius, that's Swinburne! . . . I can hardly say that I like him better than Shelley, but—oh, yes, Keats, too, . . . hmm—that's by . . . the next line is . . . well, I think Dr. Snyder's interpretation is a little at fault . . . "

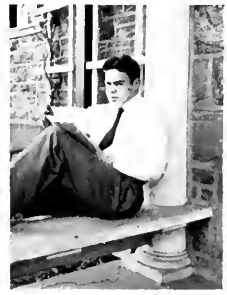
". . . . and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

And yet Burk studies little. He doesn't have to. He has already read the books covered in the course—a great help to the rest of us—he will tell us what Hardy (or Dickens, or Schopenhauer, or . . . and so on) said and meant. And remember the philosophy of Morrison and Hunsicker . . . we are still wondering what it proved.

The extent of Burk's knowledge is only equaled by his reticence. The trick is to get him off into a room, to criticize one of his favorite authors, and then to sit and listen.

But, though a book is his best friend, let us hasten to add that that is by no means the full extent of his interests. After a summer spent shoveling coal on a tugboat, he was the mainstay of the line on the Champion Junior football team, and was going strong on the Senior team until a cut on his head forced him to retire covered with glory and gore. And after winning the half mile race in three interclass track meets, he has spent the rest of his time vainly trying to convince Pop Haddleton that he is no track man.

We hope Burk's future acquaintances may get to know him as we are glad to have been able to in these four years.



"BURKE"

"Well, that's all for tonight, boys!"

Henry Schuldt Murphey

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1905

Entered from Central High School in 1924

Chemistry Club (1, 2, 3, 4); President (3); Vice-President Class (1); Class Honor Committee (1); Circulation Manager, *News* (2, 3); Business Manager, *News* (3, 4); Store Committee (4); Class Treasurer (3); Permanent Class Treasurer; Track Manager (4); Classical Club (2, 3).

"Murphey up there?" yells Pop Haddleton several times a day as his lithe figure daintily skips up the stairs of the fifth entry. There is no question but that our eminent track coach would long since have been suffering from a nervous breakdown had he not had the calm and unruffled track manager to soothe his shattered nerves. After gesticulating and deploring some track difficulty for twenty minutes, Murph just says, "Well Pop, I guess everything will be all right." Whereupon Pop leaves, silent and satisfied, knowing that everything *will* be all right. Murphey is responsible for that type of argumentative repartee known as the "Murphevism." Here is a typical one. Someone will state that he had eaten a square meal, whereupon Murphey will reply in a droning voice, "Why, you couldn't have eaten a square meal, because you ate off of a round table." Such sallies are followed by a barrage of pillows and nasty remarks, but Henry only smiles and says "gee." It is one of the major disappointments of Fox and Melchior that in four years they never succeeded in getting his goat.

As business manager of the *News*, he prophesied bankruptcy, bewailed the lack of advertisements, and then smilingly produced a four-hundred-dollar balance. His business sense received recognition in his election as permanent class treasurer, and, wonder of wonders, he gets the dues without the "help of God and a few Marines." We predict a brilliant medical future for him if he keeps his "Murphevisms" out of the sick room. If he doesn't, his patients will have apoplexy with alarming regularity.

"HEN" "MURPH"

"Not necessarily"

Alexander L. Nichols

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1906

Entered from Northeast High School
in 1924

Freshman Track Team; Glee Club (3, 4); Classical Club; Scientific Society; Automobile Association; Cap and Bells Club (4).

"All right, old man, I'll fix you up later if you don't mind. I'm a little pressed right now." And unless your heart is of stone you realize what an unconscionable dog you were to have mentioned the fact. Even the degrading Rhinie cap couldn't take away Nick's poise. Lowber has serious matters on hand, but he is really very nice to the boys and enters into their childishness from time to time. Now we are misrepresenting Lowber, but, I ask you, how else describe our neo-serious and as often witty and amusing friend. Nick disappears from his usual haunts periodically. It is a safe bet that he is either indulging in that which on his return brings forth "a fascinating game, fellows," or else he has gone to Wilmington, which brings forth a satisfied upward turn around the corners of his mouth. We haven't yet mentioned Lowber's chief lack of activity, sleep. He gained prominence in this field early in his college career and has held himself well up in the ranks ever since. But Lowber's fame rests on his connection with the *Public Ledger* and the vast number of telegrams for which the *Ledger* is to blame and for which the fifth entry must answer (the phone).

"LOWBER" "NICK"

"No hurry, I'll fix you up later, old man"

Paul Wright Nimmo

TOUGHKENAMON, PA.

Born 1907

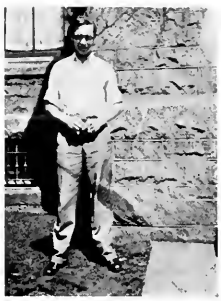
Entered from Kennett Square High School in 1924

Class Football (3, 4); Class Track (1, 2); Track Squad (2, 3).

Paul is a typical son of the soil, and the proof of this is that he hails from Toughkenamon(?). His associates soon learned that the chief industry in that community is mushroom growing, the process of which Paul knows thoroughly. Nimmo is only two generations removed from Scotland, and he certainly proves this by the way in which he manages his financial transactions. He has a good eye for currency, and we feel sure that he will roll up his million within a few years. Were Paul required to write a graduation thesis, it would undoubtedly be entitled "Automobiles." On this subject he is a ranking authority. It is an established fact that he knows the horse-power of every auto built this side of the Arctic Circle. When engaged in a heated argument on such matters, he often will be heard to say, "Aw, a Buick can beat that; it develops 85 horsepower," and so on, *ad infinitum*. Within the past two years Paul has made frequent trips to West Chester. Many wonder why he did this, but the daily blue letter disclosed the secret. He is constantly talking about Esther, and it appears that he really means business.

"FARMER"

"Oh, I reckon"



Eric Hilton Renwick

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Born 1905

Entered from Arnold Preparatory School in 1924

Baseball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals (1); "H" (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Football Squad (2, 4); Class Treasurer (2); Athletic Cabinet; English Club; Scientific Society.

With a broad smile and a tweak of the chin we say, "Hello, Eric," to which he replies, "Some babe, that car, isn't it? And the windshield is extra equipment I've added."

Surely no one adds more to a good time than Mr. Physical Culture (Mr. Phizz). His health and disposition are always up on the peak—and will those of us who saw it ever forget his mid-winter track workout in a derby and sheepskin coat?

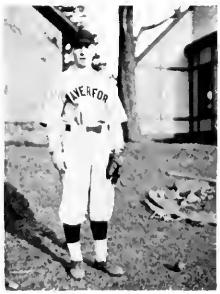
In the fall his work on the football field was excellent evidence that he was entitled to be called "Arnold's Little Field General." Let us rename him as "one of the more slippery backs."

And has he held down the hot corner on the ball club for three years? Yes, sir, Captain Renwick says, "If those boys don't stop taking the hits out of my bat, I'll never be able to keep up with the admirable Waner brothers."

His ability with a gun is also well known to the ducks down on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. To start out at 5 A. M., and return at dark, tired, and hungrier than anyone else in the place, and to climb into those orange pajamas at 9 P. M. (sharp) is his idea of heaven. Let us hope that there will be plenty of gunning for him in the future!

"ERIC" "ROLLO" "RUBEN" "CAP"

"Hey, what th' hell!"



John Rex, Jr.

Norristown, Pa.

Born 1906

Entered from Perkiomen Preparatory School in 1924

Manager, Baseball Team; Football Squad (2, 3), Instrumental Club (4); Radio Club; Scientific Society; English Club.

Rex? Renwick? . . . Listen . . . a high-pitched voice singing! . . . Yes, Jack Rex—though the professors can't tell them apart. They met just before college opened Freshman year, and have stuck together ever since. They both like adventure and the great open spaces, and used to go and watch the trains pull out for the West. They wished they could go along and hunt mountain lions or trail prairie wolves.

Jack almost went to West Point. He decided not to, but he still likes martial music. Hail! Pennsylvania!), moving pictures of fighting, and stories of action. "Shakespeare may have been great but he's dead; give me something more lively."

Jack was on the football squad three years until he was hurt. He is manager of baseball now, and a good one! His latest sport is gunning, it just suits him. Action in the open, good food, and plenty of sleep are his three essentials.

Wonderful, the amount he gets done with so little work! "Don't get excited over those lessons, just get the atmosphere!" But he is interested in a lot of things, including art, literature, music. "A healthy body plus a new experience"—that is his motto. He is contented with life—always singing. The height of Jack's musical career was attained this year in the Home Concert, in which he tapped a triangle in one piece, three (or was it four?) times.

"JACK"

"Aw, hell, yes!"

Jonathan Evans Rhoads

New Hope, Pa.

Born 1907

Entered from Westtown School in 1924

News Board (1, 2, 3), *Haverfordian* Board (1); Student Council (2); President Scientific Society (4); Track "H" (2, 4); Corporation Scholarship (1, 2).

1254 N Broadway
Baltimore

Place: The eighth entry of Lloyd.
Time. Any time, day or night.

Enter Rhoads, on hobnails, meek as a lamb, preceded by his after-dinner war-whoop. There follows a business of raising hell, accompanied by loud shrieks from the victims. The shrieks give way to groans and grunts, and the turmoil concludes with the forcible eviction of Jonathan—or the miraculous escape of everyone else.

Jonathan's accomplishments are many and varied. He is always first in the dining room, has never been known to complete a chemistry experiment, knows more math. than $f(v)$, never washes until he is completely dressed, never studies until the day before an examination, has never been known to pass up an opportunity to eat, and smoked his only cigarette to win a bet for an opera ticket.

He has the added distinctions of having aptly defined Philosophy 1 as "saying things everybody knows in words nobody can understand" and of lifting his huge bulk eleven feet in the air with the aid of a bamboo pole, thereby winning a track letter. Where he will end up we hesitate to say, but he will probably succeed in inventing a radio-controlled auto if premature death is not incurred through his indulgence in amateur experimental aeronautics.

"COLOSSUS" "JOHNNY"

"What a crude fellow"

Ingram H. Richardson

Passaic, N. J. 236 VanHouten Ave

Born 1906

Entered from Westtown School in 1924

Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); "H" (2, 3, 4); Track Team (2, 3, 4); "H" (3, 4); Numerals (2); Campus Events Committee Chairman (2, 3); Junior Prom. Committee (3); Council (2, 3, 4); Executive Athletic Committee Secretary (4); Class President (2); Permanent Class President; Scientific Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Customs Committee (3); Westtown Club (1, 2, 3, 4).

Just Between Us Girls—with gratitude to Lloyd Mayer.

I think HE'S diVINE, my dear. I ACTually DO. I mean this Ingram RICHardson person, I just MET him and I'm so exCITed I could husk WHORTleberries. He's the most THRILLing date, my dear, because I mean he's one of those BIG, strong, athLETic type, and, my dear, I just aDORE them. I mean I think he has the most diVINE figure I ever saw. And he has the most roMANTIC ears, because from behind he ACtually looks like a LOVing cup, and, my dear, I mean his comPLEXion is simply aDORable if only he wouldn't insist on using nitric ACid for an anti-shaving lotion. Can you BEAR it? And he's so MODest! I mean I was with him almost HALF an hour before I could drag out of him that he was TWICE president of his class and is indispensable to EVery committee in Haverford College and has letters in SOCcer and in track for jumping OVer things, and I can beLIEVE it, my dear, because he'S as graceful as a gaZELLE, I mean he ACtually is. Well, my dear, I'm simply GOOFy about him and I could ROLL over and BUTter myself with disMAY because he REALly has spoiled me for ANy other date, because I simply aDORE these sort of DARK, BRUtal-looking men, ANyway, I mean I ACtually DO!

"ING" "WICHES"

"*Judas Priest!*"

Donald Wood Richie

BREWSTER, N. Y.

Born 1906

Entered from Oakwood School in 1924

Manager of Cricket; Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Instrumental Club (1); Cap and Bells Club; Press Club, Secretary (3); President (4); *News* Board (2, 3, 4); Radio Club, Treasurer (4); Announcer of Station WABQ (2, 3); Head Waiter; Scientific Society; Chemistry Club; Circulation Manager of RECORD.

For some reason or other Don gives us the impression that he has something very important to do in about ten minutes and is trying to figure out just how he is going to find a time and a way to do it. Perhaps this is because he seems to be always madly dashing about the campus or, on the few occasions when he does walk, such as going to class, his head is always bowed in what appears to be deep thought. The reader will not be misled if he notices the prevalence of "seem" and "appears" in our statement above. The appearance of dashing about is unquestionably helped by his very sloppy Ford in which he speeds around the curves in the College roads at a pace equaled only by Oscar. After observing him for a year as head waiter in the dining room, we suggest that New York will miss a most famous embryonic night-club proprietor if Don fails to follow this calling. He has a wheedling way about him which should make him a millionaire in this vocation, and he has used it to excellent advantage in getting advertising for this book and getting money for Cricket from the A. A. He has persuaded most of the professors that he is a brilliant scholar, which statement we make without editorial comment. He has a marked ability for making arrangements of one kind or another and as a result has been a member of many committees. His sense of humor and keen wit, combined with the qualities of a good mixer, should take him far.

"DON" "DEACON"

"Well, that, of course, is ridiculous!"

Louis Ferdinand Richter

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1907

Entered from Friends Central School
in 1924

Baseball Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals (1); "H" (2, 3, 4); Class Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer (2, 3, 4); Basketball Squad (1, 2); Numerals (2).

"And I says 'nuts' to her—and she didn't have no comeback," and here we have Lou, the demon of snappy repartee. "What's your favorite course at college, Lou?" "Dessert!" comes back the immediate answer without any hesitation at all. But it is rumored that Lou is driven to this in order to enliven the atmosphere of No. 11 Lloyd, where the profundity (?) of Morrison and Hunsicker weighs heavily.

Nor is Lou's cheery talent limited. The Victor Company working overtime couldn't keep up to his supply of new tunes. It is a bad night when bedtime is not announced by Lou, singing a new song as he climbs into his pajamas.

And the sartorial accomplishment of Haverford College owes an everlasting debt to the business acumen of the firm "Richter and Stevens." "Any suits today, boys?"

The only cloud on the Richter horizon is Dr. Lunt's History quizzes (and Lou took about every course that gentleman gives). Every Friday as the quiz approaches gloom reigns undisputed until 10.30, when a lilting voice and a blatant victrola proclaim that Lou has again knocked the test "for a row."

Then, just to show his versatility, Lou, betimes, captained the greatest third soccer team in the history of the college, played two years on the J. V. basketball team, and for three years starred at right field, and was lead-off man on the baseball team.

"LOU BOY" "LOUIE"

"Say, have you heard that new record?"

Charles Apel Robinson

CLAYMONT, DEL.

Born 1905

Entered from the Storm King School in 1924

Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals (2, 3); "H" (4); Cricket (1, 2, 3, 4); English Trip (1); "H" (3, 4); Class Treasurer (1); Press Club; Liberal Club; Middle Atlantic Entertainment Committee; Secretary-Treasurer Scientific Society (2); Student Extension Committee (2, 3, 4); Chairman (3, 4); Chairman Hall of Fame Committee (4); "Y" Social Service Chairman (3); "Y" President (4).

It is impossible to do our most unique and picturesque classmate justice in the space of one paragraph, but we will try to give you a resumé of his most salient characteristics. Here they are. Robby has a heart so kind that he doesn't know what the word "no" means, a man who would borrow money to buy a gold brick from J. P. Morgan if asked to, so as not to disappoint the old gentleman. He deprives himself to feed stray cats and dogs and will give you his last cigar or walk a mile for a Camel if you want one and he hasn't got it. Robby accepts with touching innocence every new cult and all liberal thought, and he is going to reform the world. He believes all Irishmen to be saints and anything that smacks of the old country is, *ipso facto*, superior to anything Anglo-Saxon, Latin, or Slavic. A Catholic president of the Y. M. C. A., he wavers daily between Protestant, Jewish, Mohammedan, and Buddhist faiths, only regretting that he cannot embrace all at once. His appearance and expression would have made him the perfect subject for one of Millet's gleaners. However, beneath a somewhat shaggy exterior, perhaps you might call it Celtic abandon, lurks the aforementioned heart of gold, the brain of a philosopher, and the manners of a true gentleman. Finally, we can think of no better way to describe him than as the modern incarnation *par excellence* of St. Patrick tinctured with St. Francis.

"ROBBY" "CHARLIE"

"Come to the "Y" tonight"

Osman Joseph Seeds

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1903

Entered from University of Pennsylvania in 1924

RECORD Board; Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; Classical Club; Class Secretary (3); Class Treasurer (4); Westtown Club.

Os is imposing when he sits with his bulk slumped comfortably in a chair placidly puffing one of his carefully tended pipes. He knows a little of everything and is ready to give fatherly advice on any subject as long as there is anyone left to listen. Unlike the specialist who "knows more and more about less and less," Os seems to be learning less and less about more and more. He has his lighter moments, when we are allowed a peep behind his cloak of dignity. As a sprightly flute girl in the Latin play, he unconsciously fluted about the stage long after his exit cue. He was one of the Glee Club's most enthusiastic *woo*fers, and far, far into the night he has loosed booming hints that "Naught can quench the name of Norsemen." He has souvenirs of the period when he was a follower of Lionel Strongfort — a fifty-pound dumb-bell, a boxlike chest, tricky stomach muscles, and the symptoms of an advanced stage of fresh-air-fiendishness. He also treasures memories of a varied business career. He has sold—or rather planned to sell—everything from fire extinguishers and oil burners to lingerie and Bibles. His ambition is to sit and puff and prepare to be a "retired business man."

"OS"

"Say, fellah, HUPPY'S a darn good wagon"

Robert Lloyd Shank

ROSEMONT, PA.

Born 1906

Entered from Lower Merion High School in 1924

Assistant Manager of Baseball (3); Musical Clubs (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; Scientific Society.

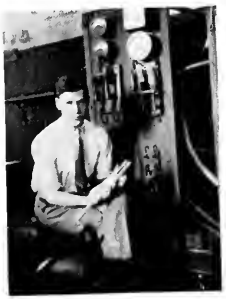
Bob is undoubtedly one of the most efficient men in '28. His room is replete with novel lighting arrangements; a scarcely perceptible jerk of his hand sends a room into sudden brilliance—or blows a fuse. He has been Mr. Evans's right-hand man in soccer, gym, and baseball, a job worthy of a great executive. Bob's greatest achievement, however, is his creation of the C. S. W.'s (Certified Shank Women), consisting of a catalogue of intensely interesting young ladies, all of whom are easily accessible, as the rest of the college can well testify. Several members of the Class have purchased the rights to some of the most popular, with the result that the list of C. S. W.'s has dwindled, but it seems that the list is continually being replenished.

Despite his triumphs, Bob has a fault: he is the Engineer of the Class. His waking hours are filled with synchronous motors, slide rules, and blueprints. Even when fulfilling his manifold social engagements, visions of turbines dance in his head. On one occasion the Engineer broke down and read a novel; the first two weeks were pretty hard, but after that the sailing was smooth.

Bob's personality is such that he has nothing but friends, as his campus popularity and his social conquests indicate. Undoubtedly he will go through life making friends as he goes. And when he arrives at his destination, which is pretty sure to be Success, he will have a monkey wrench in his hip pocket.

"ENGINEER" "BOB"

"Great day, Gus, it's time to get up for breakfast"



Philip Atlee Sheaff, Jr.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1907

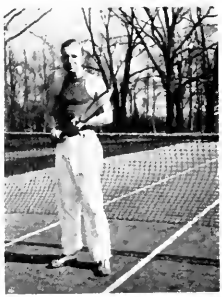
Entered from Friends Central School in 1924

Corporation Scholar (1); Latin Prize (1, 2); Alternate, Freshman Debating Team; Class Track Team (1); Instrumental Club (1); Treasurer, Classical Club (4); Scientific Society (4).

"My love, last night I saw you in a dream." With these words Phil opened that famous poem "To Annette," the publication of which, during his Sophomore year, aroused an unparalleled interest in *The Haverfordian*. Then the spring of verse dried up, and only the one lyric outburst remains to testify to his poetic ability. But Phil has always been something of an enigma. For instance, there was that memorable afternoon on which he pulled down his shades, tacked newspapers over his windows, turned on his lights, and proceeded generally to counterfeit night, that he might better concentrate on his studies—yet the very next day he and Mike McEntee made one of those famous pilgrimages to pay their respects to the muse of the Bijou.

And then we never *have* become quite immune to a feeling of wonder as Phil spins off one obscure fact after another in Phil. 4 or History 4, or asks one of those paradoxical questions (beginning, of course, with "Why, it seems . . . ") which must be at once the envy and despair of Drs. Lunt and Jones. Probably we will remember his triumphant chortle: "But, Dr. Jones, didn't Hegel dicotomize the cosmos?" long after we have forgotten who Hegel was. Phil is a fine student, and has read Plato's *Republic*, but confesses to having "skipped" about a hundred lines.

"PHIL"



"By the way——"

Franklin Willard Smith

Glenolden, Pa. 407 Scott Ave

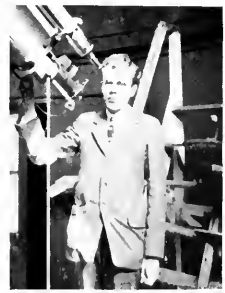
Born 1906

Entered from Upper Darby High School
in 1924

Liberal Club; Scientific Society, Vice-President (4); Radio Club, President (4); Corporation Scholar (4).

Frank has the unique distinction of being the only student who has ever convinced Fritzie that a student may know more about a subject than a professor—and in Physics at that! Seeking more worlds to conquer, Frank scaled the peaks of higher mathematics and astronomy with astounding facility, now and then running up a Chemistry course just for recreation. If not at his desk or in the laboratory, he will usually be found developing photographs in the dark room or explaining the wonders of the heavens to laymen in the observatory. He has been invaluable as a member of the radio club, and has been a leading spirit in the scientific society. He is an ardent admirer of the bard of Stratford and always haunts the theater when a Shakesperean revival comes to town. He has also been seen, blushing guiltily, at one of the finer cinemas. Afternoons usually find him walking with McEntee and Sheaff, a sport for which two years as a protégé of "Pop" have well trained him. In short, Frank is the perfect student. Of course, there was that one slip in Freshman year when he *did* snore rather loudly in Bug. 1—but we will draw the veil of charity over that event. In his Senior year especially, Frank's averages have been such that the mere thought of them makes us speechless with wonder and admiration.

"FRANK"



"That's all bunk!"

Ellsworth B. Stevens

Avon, N. Y.

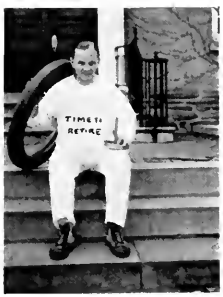
Born 1906

Entered from Oakwood School in 1924

Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; English Club; Scientific Society.

Elly is best known to the readers of the *Public Ledger* and *Haverford News* as Fisk's only rival. But this is only one of the many activities and inactivities that have brought his name to the lips of all Haverfordians. As a member of the renowned firm of Richter and Stevens, Ell has done much to give the Haverford man that well-groomed appearance. For those who would see Elly in a serious mood we recommend any Musical Club concert. Seated on the front row of the mandolin section, you may see Ellsworth with a face that might have seen the Gorgon's head. Perhaps taking Music 1 and 2 has made him realize the seriousness of what he is doing (but, all jesting aside, the little man does know his music—Palestrina, diminished sevenths, striated fourths and what have you). But the way to see Ellsworth in his most usual mood is to find him engaged in snappy repartee. The Class of '28 will long remember how he came through with a fast one at class meeting in reply to Murphey, and as they say in the vernacular, "He had *no* comeback." As a final monument to the much photographed student we close with the words of his roommate of long standing, Lowber Nichols, "Well, fellows, the little man certainly makes excellent company."

"ELLY" "STEVE"



"Gotta half a buck?"

James Tyson Stokes

MEDIA, PA.

Born 1906

Entered from Germantown Friends School in 1924

Football (1, 2); Cricket "H" (2, 3, 4); Captain (3, 4); Student Council (3, 4); President (4); Cap and Bells Club (2, 3, 4); Vice-President (3, 4); Cast of "Boomerang," "Captain Applejack," "Hottentot," "Three Wise Fools"; Editor of RECORD; President of Classical Club (4); Classical Club Play (2, 3, 4); Curriculum Committee (3, 4); Athletic Cabinet (3, 4); President (4); Executive Athletic Committee (4); Founders' Club; Class Vice-President (2); President (2); *News* Board (2); Junior Day Committee; Triangle Society.

7.45. "Hey, cut it out. I'm serious now. I'm going to sleep this morning. I've been doing a lot of hard work."

8.15 (enter Alfred, Dean of the Colored Help): "Stokes, the President wants to see you."

And thus begins the turbulent day, which indeed often ends with a visit to the office across the hall from that of the chief executive.

To mention the many and diversified activities of such a celebrity would be as difficult as card indexing the names of those eminent individuals who prefer a certain brand of cigarettes. As President of the Students' Association, Ty has been an excellent administrator. He has well preserved the tradition (which some believe started last year) of keeping campus windows intact.

Many are the times that Cope Stadium has rocked with cheers for Captain Stokes of the cricket eleven as he has snared sizzling liners or batted out from 0 to 50 runs on the historic crease. In fact, it is rumored that, after he makes his first million, Tyson will donate a new grandstand for the exclusive use of the cricket department. His athletic career in other respects, while it included Freshman football, terminated in the half-mile run in the Sophomore gym exam. This last feat he modestly acclaims as the last exercise he had in college.

Ty is planning to cast his lot with the law. Perhaps he will enter the great game of politics, and should he toss his hat in the presidential ring and be nominated by the Grand Old Party, we feel confident that he will poll several votes in Pennsylvania.

"TY" "BRUNO" "BROWSER" "HUN"

"Anyone seen my glasses?"

STOKES

On May 21, 1983, J. TYSON, of Villanova, husband of Gurney F. Stokes, father of Helen S. Greven, Frances S. Hoekstra, and Louise S. Taylor. Memorial Services will be held in the Chapel of St. David's Church, Valley Forge Rd., Wayne, Tues, 3 P.M. Int. private. In lieu of flowers, contributions to the Bryn Mawr College or Haverford College in his name would be appreciated. (STUARD, Ardmore)

Charles Maris Tatum

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1904

Entered from Penn Charter School
in 1924

Junior Varsity Soccer Team (2, 4); Numerals (4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); "H (1, 2, 4); Numerals (3); Relay Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (3, 4); Scientific Society; Penn Charter Club; Cap and Bells Club.

Charley is full of surprises. He brought to college a love of opera and a reputation in cricket—and abandoned both for the quarter-mile and the only Freshman Track "H." He's been getting the pole before the first turn ever since—with his eyes squinting, his sandy jowl atilt, and his spindle pins pounding. Can it be that the smooth, bright-eyed fellow in the Glee Club is the tousled lad who argues against post-lunch classes, who clumps to Sociology in his size nine shoes to nod through a lecture on "gargarious instincts" (as he calls them)? In the evening, when he looks out at the full moon, he is no longer the staid committeeman of the Twelfth Street Meeting, with countless dignified relations whom he affectionately terms his "coosins"; forgotten are the Engin. lab. and his beloved thermometers, the Bug lab. and his ambition to "Major in Biology and fool Baker." He looks at the golden moon that reflects the brimming sparkle of his shoe-button eyes: "Oo-o-o, that was a vurry good time—a vurry, vurry enjoyable time. I just said, 'Well, I don't ca-a-a-re.'"

"CHOLLY"

"Vurry, vurry enjoyable time"

Herbert Freeman Taylor

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Born 1907

Entered from New Rochelle High School in 1924

Freshman Track Team; Football Squad (1, 4); Assistant Manager of Tennis (3); Junior Prom. Committee (3); Intramural Sports Committee (4); Scientific Society; Radio Club; English Club.

"Well, Secretary, whom will we favor with our company tonight? And you say you have an extra stiff shirt? Most excellent, most excellent." And so another fair one was made happy for the space of an evening. But enough, as Webster might have said. Herb has a studious vein that is not wholly appreciated. Anyone who has read that neat, concise volume known as *The Outline of American Foreign Policy*, by Rayner W. Kelsey and Herbert F. Taylor, will realize how frequently the typewriter must have clicked in Taylor's room. Herb will also be remembered as one of the triumvirate who owned and piloted the antediluvian wreck, Brown Eyes, on its record nothing-but-stop flight from Philadelphia to New York, consuming thirteen hours and as many blowout patches. As a rival to Berlinger's title of holding more numerals than anyone else, we nominate Taylor as all intramural something or other—he even ran relays Freshman year, believe it or not. It is impossible to close without mentioning that Herb is a true philosopher. Sartorially perfect, you may see him sitting in vagrant and in pensive mood with curls of soft blue smoke rising from a heavy, dark pipe. Truly, he must be a man who appreciates the best things in life (realizing that they are *not* free).

"HERB"

"Well, now as for the Yanks——"

Allen Curry Thomas, Jr.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1907

Entered from Frankford High School in 1924

Football (1, 3); Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Track (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (2, 3, 4); College Broad Jump Record; Business Manager, Cap and Bells Play (4); Circulation Manager, *Haverford News* (3, 4); Customs Committee (3, 4); Chairman (4); Store Committee (3, 4); Chairman (4); Intramural Sports Committee (3, 4); Chairman (3, 4); Student Council (4); Class Vice-President (3); President (4); Executive Athletic Committee (4); Athletic Cabinet (4); Cap and Bells Club; Founders' Club; Welsh Club; Triangle Society.

"Drug store? Must have frost." The quotation means nothing perhaps to "the eighty per cent," but it speaks volumes for nearly everyone who will read this book. The "Tommy" who graduates with us is far different from the quiet and solitary bookworm who entered Haverford in Freshman year. What a metamorphosis! In four short years Thomas has acquired the following distinctions:

1. A capacity to acquire the considerable knowledge demanded by an eighty-five average in an amazingly short amount of time.
2. An athletic prowess surpassed by none in College, being equally versatile in basketball, track, and "intramural horseplay."
3. A potent drag with professors Jones and Kelsey.
4. One old and very bad Buick and one new and very nice Buick.
5. A dislike for sleep except between the hours 3 A. M. and noon.
6. The world's record and a cast-iron stomach for having consumed in four years 8,341 gallons of vanilla frosts. (Tommy never feels his best in an athletic contest unless at least two of the nectar-like inventions have just oiled his esophagus.)

And now, *mirabile dictu*, in spite of all this he has won wide and deserved popularity on the campus and a wide circle of intimate friends.

"AL" "TOMMY"

"How's to loaning me five rocks, Murphey?"
"Wake me for History 4"

T.H.A.C. Vanneman, 3d

CAMBRIDGE, MD.

Born 1903

Entered from Haverford School in 1924

Football Team (1, 2); Baseball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals (1); "H" (2, 3); Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Leader (4); Scientific Society; Radio Club; Chemistry Club; Liberal Club; Beta Rho Sigma.

Divinity to ducks, metaphysics to music—they are all familiar ground to the philosopher. From a two-hour tramp through the marshes for a shot at a wild duck (and a hit) to a benevolent and paternal dissertation on the foibles of the foolish (but good) old world is but a turn for Theo.

What is better than a pipe, a bottle of ale, an open fire, and a friend to talk with, after a day of hunting in Maryland? This is life (and let's make the most of it). When, lo! this sedate old man becomes rampant youth as he rips loose with his cornet or leads the instrumental clubs—from behind the traps (no one else was good enough to manage them).

Remember his speed on the football field? Too bad his knee was injured—but anyway, he is still the star second baseman on the diamond, and as for the impromptu hockey games on the skating pond—he is the wizard of the mêlée.

His room: a haze of hospitality merged with a confusion of sheets of music, well-worn cards, clothes, and books from *Ethics* to *Confessions*. Only examinations could dim his philosophical attitude. How many times was he about to pack his bag and depart sorrowfully as mid-years or finals approached?

Probably no man in college has more friends or is better company. Though all his money-making schemes work out, may he remain the same old versatile, friendly Theo!

"POP" "THEO"

"Hey, Bill!"

Thomas Smith Whiting

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Born 1906

Entered from Germantown High School in 1924

Classical Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Classical Club Play (1); Track Squad (1); Freshman Track Team; Scientific Society (1, 2, 3, 4).

Tommy, despite his modest appearance, has exercised a magnetic influence upon the occupants of Founders Hall. For two years his room has been the gathering place for numerous collegiate assemblies, vulgarly known as "bull sessions." In order to protect himself from too much interference of this character, Tommy has found it necessary at times to secure the door of his room with a stout wire cable. To neutralize the impression which the preceding statements may leave, it is only fair to say that Tommy is a scholar no less than a gentleman. His genuine taste for English History and Economics is counterbalanced by his patronage of the theater and his discriminating love of good music. While in Paris last summer, he added to his collection of phonograph records a number of vocal gems by the famous Mistinguette. Like a true Euphues, he has distinguished himself at Camp Meade as well as in the Frankford salient. Notwithstanding his versatility, Tommy has been at great pains to defend himself in that perennial case, *McEntee vs. Whiting*. For the information of outsiders, we may say that the vital issue in this piece of informal litigation is the respective merit of Buick and Chrysler motor cars. Unfortunately, the case never has been settled and, so far as we can predict, never will be settled. Indeed, Judge Smith has threatened to throw the suit out of court unless it be terminated on or before June 9, 1928.

"TOMMY"

"Let's go in town tonight"

Theodore Whittelsey, Jr.

RINGOES, N. J.

Born 1906

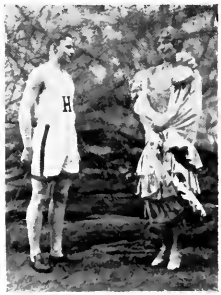
Entered from Flemington High School in 1924

Track Team (2, 3, 4); "H" (3); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Cross Country Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (3, 4); Manager Soccer (4); Class Secretary (2); *Haverfordian* Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Business Manager (3); *News* Board (4); RECORD Board; Play Casts: "The Boomerang" (1); "Captain Applejack" (2); "The Hottentot" (3); "Three Wise Fools" (4); Chairman Play Committee (4); Cap and Bells Club; Founders' Club, Secretary-Treasurer (4); M. A. S. C. A. A. Committee; English Club.

The entrance of Ted into Haverford marked the beginning of a new epoch in the art of feminine make-up on the campus. At the time of going to press, Oscar is in his office trying to make up his mind whether to call Haverford a men's college or a coeducational institution. Ted's graduation will soon bring to an end Oscar's mental conflict. Last September found Ted buried in a pile of wood and rags, which, by the opening of college, he miraculously transformed into some fairly presentable chairs, desks, and rugs. By the prices charged one would think one was buying at Van Sciver's, but this little item merely represents the Shylock instinct in the boy. One of Ted's minor delights is wandering about the dining room daily notifying personally each member of the Freshman class of some "important" cross-country run. Indulging in this pursuit has earned for him the reputation of not having remained in his seat during the whole of any of his meals at college. Last, but not, etc., Ted's desk is worthy of comment. Besides its size, its neatness is frequently commented upon by Miss Dobbins.

"TED"

"Whe-ee! What d'ya say, kid?"



Richard Wistar

Riverton, N. J.

Born 1905

Entered from Westtown School in 1924

Class Secretary (1); Soccer (2, 4); "H" (4); Cricket (2); "Y" Cabinet (3); Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; Scientific Society; Chemistry Club, President (4); Westtown Club.

Wistar is a man of paradox. He drinks liquor in Europe and tea in the United States. He "absorbs fags" and objects to cigarette ads in the *News*. He absents himself from Meeting on Thursday and goes on Sunday. He is a liberal and a pacifist and yet reads the *Public Ledger*. He divides his leisure time between *Shakespeare* and *College Humor*. He revels in poker, but will not gamble. He reads Byron and the Bible on alternate days, and allows no one to change his mind except himself. He ends every argument with, "you can think as you like as long as you don't try to force your opinion on me." The next day you will find him maintaining your cause against some new adversary. In short, he is a thoroughly principled character, but he doesn't know from one day to the next what his principles are going to be.

Dick spends whole days in the Chem. Lab. looking for things that aren't there, which he couldn't find if they were, and which wouldn't prove anything if he could. His extra-curricula activities consist in tearing up the soccer field enough to win a letter and picking at the most disreputable of all musical instruments, the mandolin. His excess musical energy find vocal expression in a very creditable attempt to outdo the most raucous jazz orchestra at the most untimely hours, despite the violent protests of all would-be sleepers on the campus.

"DICK"

"Great balls of fire!"

John William Woll

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1906

Entered from Germantown High School in 1924

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Leader (3); Instrumental Club (1, 2); Cap and Bells Club; Class President (2); Vice-President (1); Treasurer (3).

John's college life has been a drama in two acts, the second of which may be called a tragedy, unless a better name can be found for a methodical man's having to room with Rhoads. His methodical habits are his main characteristic. Every morning after doing his setting-up exercises he leaves for breakfast at 7.43 with such unerring accuracy that we set our watches by his departure. From then on his whole day is governed by an unvarying schedule until he retires promptly at 10.32. It might seem that there was madness in his method if it were not that he never could accomplish all that he gets done without running on a strict schedule. His curricular activities include enough work to get a high B average regularly, and in addition he has found expression for his musical talents in leading the Glee Club and fiddling in the Instrumental Club.

But into every life a little rain must fall, and John got his during Senior year while rooming with Rhoads. Books, clothes, and Vic records are strewn indiscriminately around the room. Woll's ears have been considerably enlarged by having his fingers stuck in them while he tried to concentrate during roughhouses. Even his hitherto sacred desk has been known to be mussed up. But the silver lining to this cloud became apparent when he realized his proudest achievement by announcing his engagement early in Senior year.

"JOHNNY"

Leonard Emanuel Yoder

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1906

Entered from West Philadelphia High School in 1924

Manager Freshman Track; Class Treasurer (1); Vice-President (2); Classical Club Play (1, 2, 3, 4); Baseball Squad (1, 2, 3); Customs Committee (2); *News* Board (2, 3); Sporting Editor (4); Cap and Bells Play (3, 4); Chairman of Students' Extension Committee (3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; Beta Rho Sigma.

In a few years one of the prominent publishers will advertise a volume by L. E. Yoder which should have a tremendous sale among college students, prospective and otherwise. The title of the opus will be, *How to Avoid the Classroom;* or, *Hints on Schedule Making.* Len is a veritable artist in picking courses which fall only on the three days in the middle of the week, and which require the minimum number of visits to Chase Hall. Nine hours a week in Senior year show that the author will write from his own wide experience.

Len has, however, made up for lost time in extra-curricular activities. He has the distinction of having lasted five innings on the mound for Haverford in the baseball (?) game which resulted in a 23–4 victory for F. and M. With Robinson he has made student extension really extend, and for two years he fought with Horton, the big chief, on how a sporting sheet should look in the *News.* Another of his achievements has been, single handed to take the Casa del Rey out of the hands of the receivers. His unqualified support of the dining room of that worthy institution has rejuvenated the careworn manager. We predict that Leonard will be a big success in the wide, wide world, what with his business perspicacity, his personality and his—well, never mind.

"LEN" "YORDIE"

"Oh—boy!"

"Ex-'28"

HAD the Class of 1928 remained intact throughout its four years at Haverford, it would have been, even more strikingly than it is in its present membership, the greatest class of scholars and athletes ever to represent the College. While some classes have lost a greater number of men, no class ever lost a group with more history-making possibilities than our erstwhile members. Sixty-seven of us wore green caps and black ties. Only fifty-two of us will wear the cap and gown when we receive our diplomas. Men have left our class for every conceivable reason—matrimony, business, gentle pressure from the powers that be, to mention a few of them. It is fitting that the more prominent of our ex-members should receive some space in this book, for they unquestionably contributed much to the history and prestige of the class.

When "Irish" Logan withdrew from College at the beginning of Junior year, Haverford lost the greatest athlete ever to wear the "H." At the end of sophomore year Frank was elected to captain both the soccer and basketball teams, an absolutely unique honor. He was picked for All-American soccer fullback by everyone who saw him in action and was perhaps Haverford's greatest performer on the basketball court. In baseball he was a terrific hitter and, in Sophomore year at first base, a flawless fielder. While preëminent in athletics, we shall always remember "Irish" for his irrepressible good humor, his uncanny skill in every "directors' meeting," his unending supply of good and terrible jokes, and for that gleam in his eye so well known to his intimates.

Dean Flint's career at Haverford might well take up most of the space of this book. His departure was one of the greatest losses the class sustained. Blessed with a superb physique, he was a mainstay on the football team at end and quarterback and was elected to the captaincy at the end of Junior year. He won his letter as well in both track and baseball. Underneath this rugged exterior was the soul of a poet. A violinist of note, he was also a fine English scholar. No one was more willing to discuss literature and poetry than Dean and we will never forget some of Dean's own verses, some of which were, and most of which were certainly not, good poetry. In searching for a reason for his leaving us, one has only to *cherchez la femme*.

Dana Marsh would have undoubtedly been one of the big men in the class if eye trouble had not forced him to withdraw from the ranks in Sophomore year. Few men have had such a pleasing personality. He is one of those men whom you pick to travel with and with whom you rejoice to be thrown in intimate contact. Track was his principal athletic interest, and Pop Haddleton bewailed the loss of a great half-miler. Inheriting a talent for art, his loss was a severe one for the *Record*, but far more severe to those of us who had come to know him well.

The third of the Storm King School triumvirate to go out into the world before the rest of us was Addison Fox. Another football hero and athlete was lost when Foxy, after a memorable trip to Europe on a tanker as a seamen, felt the call of salt water and left us to go into the shipping business. We shall never forget his great exhibition on the football field as he fought a losing battle in our last game with Swarthmore, and we shall never forget his naïve and exuberant spirit in the classroom with the inevitable, "OO, gee, teacher, I know," response to every question.

Coming from Haverford School with a great football reputation, Jimmy Mitchell lived up to all advance predictions by playing bang-up football for two years on the varsity. He is the kind of player any coach loves to have, for he is a natural player, at home in any position. We remember envying the de luxe quarters of Vanneman

and Jim in Lloyd Hall, for they were the only Freshmen to attain the best of dormitories in Freshman year. We enjoyed the million-dollar radio and the open hospitality which went with Lloyd Hall. Marriage tore Jim from us and he is the second of our erstwhile classmates to have embarked upon the blessed state of matrimony.

We knew there was something different about Hen Ambler as soon as we saw him. We soon discovered the reason. Thanks to a year at Dickinson before entering Haverford, Hen was able to avoid Rhinie rules and he possessed a poise quite in keeping with his sophomoric dignity. In writing about ex-members it is appalling to realize what football talent might once have been claimed by '28. Hen was no exception and in his first and only year at Haverford he starred in Harmon's backfield. He is the first of us to have joined the ranks of the benedicts.

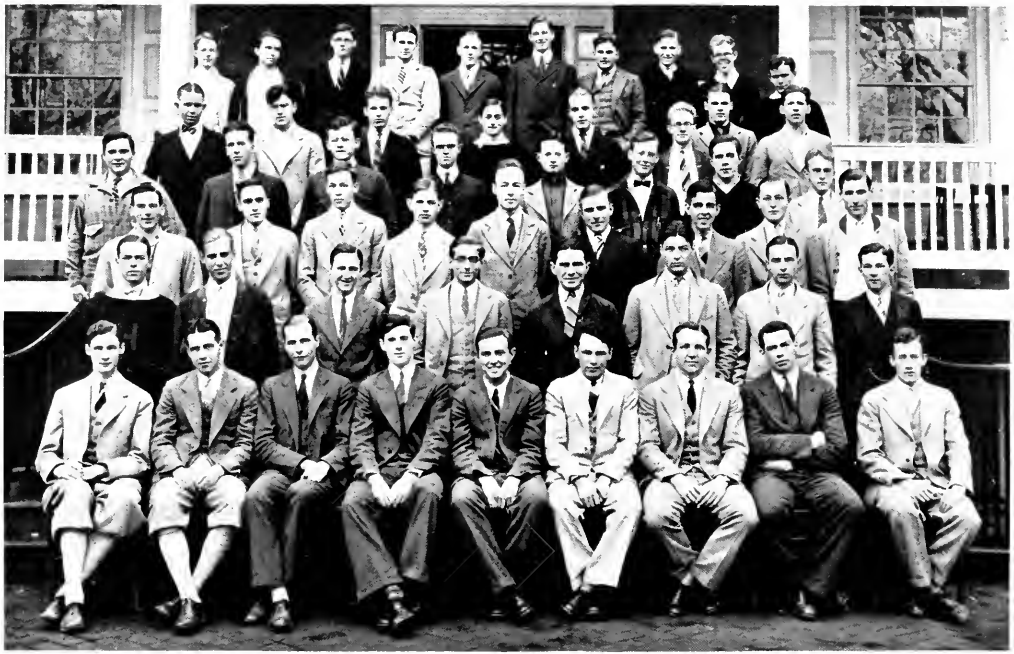
Two classes have claimed Bill Albert's allegiance, both '27 and '28, the former for two years and the latter for one. What a man Bill was for any class in an interclass brawl! Bill could always be counted on for the scalps of at least six opponents. Likewise in football his great strength and fighting spirit proved the undoing of many an opposing lineman. Everyone was sorry to see Bill depart for business worlds to conquer just as many of us were beginning to know him.

A man well named is Harry Armstrong. Had Army stayed with us longer he might have developed into a great football star, for those who have played with him in class football games can testify to his tiger-like tactics. As Freshmen we regarded his knowledge of journalism with awe, and it was a blow to the *Haverford News* when Army decided to work for the *Public Ledger*.

The following men were once within the fold of our class for a greater or lesser period of time:

James William Alcorn
Edward Carlile Choate
Leslie Albert Cretty
Stephen Morgan Einier
Joseph McFarland, Jr.
Richard Frederick Minnich
Chester Arthur Ollinger
John Cecil Rowe
James Clifford Scott
Lawrence Augistine Tassi

LOWER CLASSES



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class

John Evans Abbott
William Kite Alsop, Jr.
Theodore Emmons Baker
William Lemen Beard
David Crumley Bevan
John Alexander Bishop
Wilton Wendell Blancke
Carl Bowker Bomhoff
Frank Karr Briggs
Samuel Thatcher Brinton
Roger Clapp Brown
Henry Jacob Chapin
Charles Hill Collison
John Roberts Cooper
Carroll Langdon Corson
Robert Morton Cunningham
Francis Curtis Dohan
James Germain Downward, 3rd
Herbert Kleber Ensworth
Nathan Thomas Folwell, Jr.
John Perrigo Fox
Thomas Carrington Gawthrop, 2nd
Alexander Lowery Gucker
Charles Morris Hamilton
John Geoffrey Hartman
Arthur Sykes Hawthorn
David Hartas Hedley
Everett Howard Hemphill
Halsey Munson Hicks
Edward Theodore Hogenauer
John Stevens Hunner
George Walter Johnson
Horace Martin Jones
Kenneth Edward Kingham
William Spurrier Lane
Kingsley Bacon Leeds
Davis Draper Lewis
Bramwell Linn
Joseph Emory MacNamee
James Shinn Maier
William Meyer Masland
Andrew Mawhinney
Alfred Mellor, 2nd
Jesse Hamor Michener
Ralph LeRoy Miller
Keith Napoleon Murray
Lionel Cantoni Perera
John Edgar Probyn, Jr.
Goerge Ashbridge Rhoads, Jr.
John Rodell
Gerald Francis Rorer
Francis Wills Sharpless
David Kalbach Shivelhood
Edward Cope Smith
Walter Sondheim, Jr.
David James Speck
James Massey Standring, Jr.
Robert Charles Sullivan
Willard Everett Swift, Jr.
William Henry Sykes, 2nd
Daniel D. Test, Jr.
Burrell Hilton Tripp
Richard Gunsaules Urban
Harold Levi Wilt

Francis Howell Wright

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

Bradford Sherman Abernethy
Ralph Douglas Atkinson
Richard Collins Baker
George Washington Betz, Jr.
Woodward Jouett Blackburn
John Leroy Blackman, Jr.
Benjamin Franklin Blair
William Richardson Blair, Jr.
Roger Langdon Bloom
Arthur Howland Brinton
James Brown, IV
Theodore Ward Bruegel
Victor Edwards Bullen
Donald Riddle Buxton
Charles Sherwood Cameron, Jr.
Lincoln C. Cocheu, Jr.
Robert Loos Dothard
Robert Millard Doughty
Howard Wesley Drake, Jr.
J. Richard Durham, Jr.
Frederic Arthur Egmore, Jr.
Theodore Evans
Willem Ezerman
John Thorpe Feidt
William Doane Frazier
William Clark Hanna
Alfred Tuxbury Hill
Frederick Kempton Hussey
John David Hymes
John Paul Jones
Frank Whiteman Lindsay
Joseph Walford Martin
Paul Thomas Martin
Clark Norton Maxfield
Charles Weaver Miller, Jr.
Joseph L. Miller
Alexander David Milliken
Brewster Hillard Morris
Joseph Howard Morris, Jr.
Theodore Morris
June Barrows Mussey
Milton Irving Norr
Robert Matthew Olton
James Partington, Jr.
Howard Curtis Plankenhorn
William Whitlock Pretzfeld
David Shoemaker Richie
William Godfrey Robelen, 3rd
George Pritchard Rogers
Edward Rosewater
Harlow Bushby Rowell
William Edwin Rudge, Jr.
Newman Sidney Shirk
Daniel Smiley, Jr.
David Kirby Spelt
Ernest William Stiller
John Freeman Stone
Albert Irvin Supplee
Henderson Supplee
Frederick Wood Swan
Edward Gaillard Taulane, Jr.
John Austin Turner
George Vaux, 3rd
Theodore Hilgard Westermann
Wilfred Hargrave Wickersham
Thomas Wister, Jr.
Thomas Wriggins, Jr.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

Lockhart Amerman
Marion Abrahams Arthur
Henry Gregory Barnhurst, Jr.
John William Blyth
Richard D'Anaud Browne
Howard Oliver Buffington, Jr.
Thomas Edward Burns, Jr.
John George Butler
William Edward Cadbury, Jr.
Charles Sherwood Cameron, Jr.
Yiu Kui Chu
Donald Logan Clements
Samuel Hall Conn
Edgar Howarth Covington
Martin Leonard Crane
Cresson Orion Davis
George Barnes Edgar
Robert Fisher Edgar
Kenneth Hosler Egolf
John Thompson Emlen, Jr.
Frank Winslow Elliott Farr
Robert Lincoln Farr
Robert Augustus Feroe, Jr.
Robert Ward Gabriel
Lewis Homer Gage
John Thorn Golding
John Henry Gray, Jr.
Joseph Nicholson Hartel
Charles Matthew Henry
Benjamin Chapman Hiatt
Eugene Francis Hogenauer
James Moore Houston
Robert Braxton Jarratt, Jr.
Jonathan Price Jessop
Kaufman Ray Katz
Richard Marion Keech, Jr.
John Grosh Lawrence
Marcus Jastrow Levin
Wallace Nathan Litchfield
William Morris Maier
Adrian Stix Mann
Edward Hamilton Mansell
Lauman Martin
Richard Lambert Masland
Raymond Ebersole Maxwell
Arthur Jacob Mekeel
John Newton
Frederick William Gunster Peck
Gideon Smitheman Peirce
Charles Stehman Pennypacker
William Winfield Ray
Herbert William Reisner
Richard Baxter Reynolds
Thomas Garrett Rhoads
Robert Owen Rice
Robert Heaton Rich
Fred MacDonald Richardson
Ellis Chandler Saint
Ira Leo Schamberg
Ernest Allen Schilpp
Carl Allen Schopbach
Harris Palmer Shane
Philip Boris Shaw
Eugene Rodman Shippen, Jr.
Howard Percival Snyder
Edwin Aaron Speakman
Frank Newman Speller, Jr.
John Kelvin Tabakin
Walter Magnes Teller
Joseph Trexler Urban
James Edmund Walmsley
Townsend Barnard Walter
Nathaniel Weyl
John Haines Wills
Joseph Borton Wills
Evan Morris Wilson
George Charles Wilt

CLASS OF 1928 AS FRESHMEN

Class History

1924-1925

IN we sneaked on a foggy night, too completely humbled by stories of those who had gone before with a fear of college life even to ask our way, some of us seeking rooms in Sharpless, others standing mute in the rain until some majestic Senior or grinning Sophomore straightened us out. We looked for hooded figures behind the bushes, sticks behind Sophomore's backs, and kept in groups of three or four beneath some friendly light. The Hazing Committee had been supplanted by the Customs Committee, which sounded better, but wasn't, being headed by Dusty Rhoads.

The night before College opened we were ordered to bed at seven-thirty amid the cheers of the multitude, and though we went, we knew enough not to go to sleep. An hour later we found ourselves huddled upon the stage of the "Skating Pavilion," receiving, by air mail, consignments of Fine Tomatoes that were decidedly past their prime.

College opened with the usual remarks in Collection about "Here at Haverford, . . ." all of which we now know by heart. The next day we were each sold, at an exhorbitant price which we were in no position to dispute, a simple looking green cap, yellow button'd and visor'd, replicas of which will probably adorn the September crop of heads for years to come. We were also provided with cards and tags dubbing us "Rhinies" and a set of rules, the enforcement of which certain upperclassmen felt to be their vocation, avocation, and hobby.

With Lane as first President to parry for the Class, we began the year, living in North Barclay, of course. As the football season opened up, so did we; ever pushing the lid of restraint to the falling-off point, scoring at least an average number of sessions per week with the Committee of Overseers (may their heads grow even harder!).

We followed the football team to New York in a bus the first week, and started Class spirit with the well-known bang. Bates wrote "Small Matter," and for days the whole College acted like a little boy with a new drum. Beta Rho built a score-board on Walton Field, but it blew away. In football we were represented by Flint, Mitchell, Fox, and Vanneman.

Mingled appropriately with the high-tension football season came the regular round of receptions. We met everybody; and felt at times like a bunch of little Lindberghs, had we then known what they were. By the end of the first quarter we felt either like Haverfordians or moving out, depending on the grades.

One night we were "awoken by a riot!" We were having the first good snappy fire of our career. The anatomy lab in Sharpless was being cauterized. According to the Philadelphia papers, under the brisk, efficient direction of the Sophomores we formed a bucket brigade which soon had the blaze under control. As a matter of fact, about half the class failed to locate cap, tag, and tie in the shuffle, so couldn't go.

Haverford became suddenly famous as the *News'* straw vote made Coolidge President of the United States, and Davis and Hogenauer played chess with Oxford by radio.

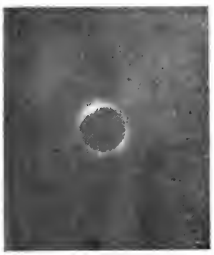
Part of the glamour but none of the clamor of the Swarthmore game was lost as it was held in at Franklin Field. According to tradition, we furnished a band, with more pieces than numbers, but which could play "Haverford Forever" in any key.

The Charity Drive and Free Show came the same week, which was fortunate. With the inimitable Marshall as toastmaster, the first Student-Faculty was held, Rhoads congratulated for his A, and the waiters for their interest in making a living.

To the minds of many, and the heads of some, the big event of the year was the cake-rush. It marked the end of a long line of memorable battles, because of its very ferocity. Having previously hidden several cakes in the gym, when the set day came, it devolved upon us to prevent their discovery. To several lodged in the attic, Dempsey tried to apply chlorine from below, but to his dismay that gas turned out to be heavier than air, and he was not seen again for several days. Sulphur fumes had a peculiar effect on Fox, who passed out and crashed through the ceiling into Pop's room. There were also stories, which will go down unto our children's children, of stranglings, and battles with Indian clubs, and picketing from points of advantage. The struggle was halted and called a tie about the middle of the afternoon by the Student Council, for fear of greater damage. The show that night was well done (i.e., not raw) and featured Keith as *première danseuse*, Stokes as Falstaff, and Armstrong as Paul Revere.

Quite the best "prank" of our career confronted us as we entered the dining room one morning to see Garrett's Ford parked before the fireplace, a "Merry Xmas" on the windshield, and a stocking of silver hung from the radiator cap.

With the winter came our submission to the snowballs of the rest of the College, until one day we turned on the multitude and held a pitched battle in and near Founders' Hall, with the expensive result that 208 windowpanes ceased to be windowpanes, and again the Student Council intervened.



We were subjected to our first midyears in January, with all kinds of results, but were thankful for the interruption offered when the sun ducked momentarily behind the moon on the morning of the English 1 examination.

That year the Class Dances were authorized, and we led off by holding a pole-climb for '26 at Haverford Court. The ever-dwindling Musical Clubs' schedule took us to Atlantic City and Wilson.

The Board of Managers built their track, and Pop, with Fox as captain, developed some promising material in the Class, in spite of the fact that the process reminded Uncle Billy of Dante's Inferno.

The "Rhinie Tryouts" which had been held in the fall, exposed much histrionic talent which was developed in the Classical Club production of "Adelphoe," wherein Horton and Yoder made such excellent Greeks, and even further when Stokes and Whittlesey took the leading rôles, which they have since retained, in the Cap and Bells presentation of "The Boomerang."

The two Library Lectures of the year were given by Harry Emerson Fosdick

and Donald B. MacMillan, the erudite teachings of whom were quite counterbalanced by the Pink issue of the *News*, said to be the only issue ever read all the way through by anybody, including proofreaders.

Having come so recently from Commencements of greater importance, few stayed to '25's celebration, but those who did were rewarded by seeing Sellers, too bashful to receive his diploma, attend the exercises in the garb of a girl.

1925-1926

Two things kept life at top pitch during Sophomore year—the defeat of Swarthmore in basketball and the era of the "Ogo Pogo." When we reconvened in the fall, eight of our number were missing, having departed into realms of high finance at some crossroads, with the largest enrollment in the history of the college, but that often happens. We upset the golden rule and took the Rhinies to the skating pond for a session of unoriginal horseplay. An egg shampoo was the only added attraction, in the frenzy of which Jack Evans' get-up of white flannels and sweater reminded some Rhinie of pajamas, with the obvious result. Pop Haddleton had wearied of the tomato act, and was discovered behind our firing line with a basket of floaters, and he's not such a bad shot. The rest of the night was spent in requiring of our protegées various circus tricks, such as wrestling with temptation, killing time with slingshots, biting dust, and so on. They seemed a bit thick at first, these Rhinies—had to be told that the Press Club was not a tailoring agency, that in College you don't have to clean up your plate, that Oscar was really serious about that collar, that Doggie Johnson wasn't really a dog, but a man. But when we look back on our job after three years, we're rather proud of ourselves.

Early in the year the limelight fell upon the cucumber-like form of Ogo Pogo, a Creole (*non compos mentis*), whose matriculation is still a mystery to the College authorities. At the end of the third week he complained to the Dean of the living conditions in South Barclay, clamoring, in choppy vehemence, that he refused to live in a "pig stee." There followed for him a life of concentrated activity. "The Ogo" was led to believe that he was being hounded by one Rhinehardt, whereupon an army was organized in South Barclay under his generalship, which was called into action with "To your posts, men!" whenever anyone, usually Logan or Berlinger, announced the proximity of the *bête noir* by means of a firecracker. With Thomas as Chief of the Lower Merion Police, and Melchior as House Detective, Ogo Pogo's trip over the hurdles was continued with unabating fervor as long as he was with us.

Again Haverford became famous as the tower given by '26 was erected, and the power of the broadcasting station WABQ was increased from one hundred to one thousand watts. A regular program of broadcasting was launched, with Smitty and Halstead making the wheels go round, Thompson arranging the programs, and "D. W. R. at the microphone." This brings to mind the exhibition of poetry given

by Vachel Lindsay, broadcast by WABQ, where, in one of his animated cavortings across the stage, the poet pounced upon the microphone, putting it permanently to sleep with the chant, "We want Daniel."

The last Swarthmore football game was played on their field, with results described elsewhere. However, the battle did not stop when the crowd dispersed, but has been going on ever since in the columns of the *News* and *The Phoenix*. We wish Hedley would blow the whistle!

Some of the upperclassmen, feeling the urge of animal instincts, demanded that there be a row between '28 and '29, so a pants fight was arranged. But since we were the ones to do it, and weren't particularly interested, it didn't precipitate until the following year, in another manner entirely.

All members having acquired the prescribed full-dress outfit the year before, the Musical Clubs switched back to tuxedos, and the tails were consigned to camphor to await a change of heart by the Cap and Bells or an aquisition of heart by a member of the Class. But by the time Jimmy Mitchell locked horns in April, 1928, they were all either lost or outgrown. The play was "Captain Applejack," with Stokes and Whittlesey again taking the leads.

Dr. Pratt being on sabbatical leave, his place was filled by one Mr. Baker, who believed it was possible to make good soup out of chromosomes, and explained that "They present an ex-chromosome for the same indexical refraction where largely outside of the diffuse karyoplasm, with the exception of the ex-chromosome and the nature of the reaction is the same."

Doggie Johnson was arrested for shooting dogs, and, though exonerated, he "forfeited the right to hold up his head among men." Which reminds us that the "Haverfordian Chapbook" came out about then, composed of articles unsigned, for obvious reasons.

By the time the class debating team won the Everett Society Debate from '29, and a perfectly passionless "Love Feast" was held for the same class, we found ourselves at the end of another year, and separated unto the nineteen states from whence we came.

1926-1927

We returned again just in time to revel in the first application of a system of unlimited cuts, which the Dean declared successful four times during the year. But though they gave us cuts, they ordered all our cars away, and soon not a vehicle was in sight. Also, Roberts Hall had been altered to conform with 107 different fire laws, and a new course in "Music" was to be given by Mr. Swan, the motto of which became, "Hoomerus moosic is oosually confoosed." We agreed that it depended on your point of "voo."

Rufus was away on a tour of the Far East, and Uncle Billy soon followed, to extricate him, we insist on believing. A new theater had been erected in Bryn Mawr during the summer, the Seville, and though greeted with acclaim, it has not

yet been trained into the habit of giving us a free show every year. We look with confidence to '29 and '30 to bring this about.

These two classes revived the traditional Sophomore-Freshman fight, and staged a snappy brawl on Walton Field. There were auxiliary scraps which added spirit. About this time John L. Golden invited the Junior and Senior Classes to the Garrick Theater to see "Pigs." During our absence, members of '29, so recently victorious and eager for greater battle, visited our rooms, and committed an unprecedented indiscretion. When we returned from the theater our beds were stacked high about the flagpole. Needless to say, reciprocity was swift, complete, and effective.

The Glee Club training personnel was changed and, with Clarence C. Nice as coach and Woll as leader, remarkable improvement was made over previous years. The Instrumental Club incorporated Ruediger, the German exchange student, in its ranks, and he was used as 'cello soloist throughout the season, which included trips to Wilmington and Moorestown. Another Musical Association sprang up, The Chamber Music Society, under the direction of Mr. Reitzel and Mr. Swan. This later developed into the Haverford-Swarthmore Combined Chorus and Orchestra, which gave several concerts during the year.

In the absence of Dr. Babbitt, the popular course in Bacteriology and Physiology was given by Dr. Thorpe, who insisted that "milk is the solidest kind of a solid food" and that it is not infrequently true that a man "bleeds into his own veins."

The reclassification of the library, commenced in 1924, "went forward rapidly" all the time, and every third week was announced in the *News* as "nearly completed." Again the class debating team was victorious, this time against '27, for the Alumni Prize.

The College was surprised at the sudden announcement, one night, of the sale of station WABQ to the Keystone Broadcasting Co. of Philadelphia. The reason for the disposition was the impending loss of the station through government intervention and lack of local interest. Smitty and Halstead supervised the work of transplanting the set atop the Hotel Lorraine in town, and though the Radio Club retained the right to broadcast from the new location every week, the right has not been exercised because of the low standards of quality set by the new operators.

Dramatic enterprise again brought Stokes and Whittlesey to the fore as "Querolus" and "The Hottentot" were given by the regular sponsors. But a more applicable form of entertainment was sought in an attempt to keep the students on the campus over the week-end. A "movie committee" was formed and plans made to show movies in Roberts Hall every Saturday night, using the machine recently installed in the new booth. By special arrangement with the Fox Film Corporation, "The Iron Horse," not more than three years old, was shown before a very appreciative but equally small audience. Admission was twenty cents, and the committee "made enough to go in the hole ten dollars." The experiment was not repeated.

Just after midyears, ground was broken, sans ceremony, for the new addition to

Lloyd Hall, and besides forming a new playhouse for Hoskins, the progress of construction was watched with interest by those who hoped to live there the following year. The first part actually completed was the massive stone barrier at the end, the pineapple-like decorations for which were protested against by moving them to the Senior entrance of the dining hall for closer inspection.

M. H. Robinson, tailor, in a burst of enthusiasm and love for our national game, pledged a pair of "plus 6" knickers for every home run made in a Varsity baseball game. Flint relieved the merchant of nine pairs, and was about to ask for pajamas on the next round trip, when the offer was remanded.

Friday, the thirteenth of May, was Junior Day. We assumed control of the campus after lunch, and, after a successful afternoon of sports, put on a Junior Prom that shall be known forever as the "spiretop of spiretops," in the realm of Promhood. Spice was added to the afternoon program by the appearance of a surrey, dating from the middle of the last century, drawn by a horse of about the same period, both decorated in class and college colors. The gym was replaced by a South Sea Isle, with palms, moonlight, and ocean breezes. Lanin music, supper under Japanese lanterns, a full moon—one of life's supreme moments.

Then followed the usual round of elections. Stokes was to accept the responsibility of the Student Association, Robbie the "Y," and Thomas became chairman of the Customs Committee. But any political atmosphere that had been created was destroyed by the appearance of *The Free Thinker*, a four-page edition, "published in the interest of a truer education for all people, and especially for those who come to Haverford College." Nuf sed.

Commencement was more impressive that year, as we saw those who had "made us the men we were," so they thought, take their degrees. That night the Glee Club went to the Polo Field in Bryn Mawr, where it contributed to the program of the Main Line Music Festival. And thus we separated for our last vacation.

1927-1928

With the legendary dignity which all seniors are said to possess but do not, we returned to college to subject ourselves to the last step in the man-making process. (i.e., We are now men.)

To our great surprise and ill-concealed delight, New Lloyd was ready for us, and we were not all crowded into Founders and the Annex for the first month, as we had fully expected to be.

Someone, foe of Haverford, and member of Dr. Carpenter's publicity committee, blew us to a good fire shortly after College opened, and once again the College barn had to be rebuilt. Dr. Carpenter's work at horse rescuing won the acclaim of the S. P. C. A.; hence the silver medal which our French prof sports on the other end of his watch.

After weeks of preliminary announcements and a whole cluster of committee meetings, the Radio Club finally installed in the Infirmary a radio set, the gift of

the monetary ghost of WABQ. Miss Beard reports that, "It has been making many little hearts happy" ever since. Which reminds us of the *News* misprint of last fall, the only one appearing during our career that wasn't either ignorant or disgusting. "Come to the Hopkins Game," it said. "See your College mats and loosen your College mates and loosen soccer, too." (*sic.*)

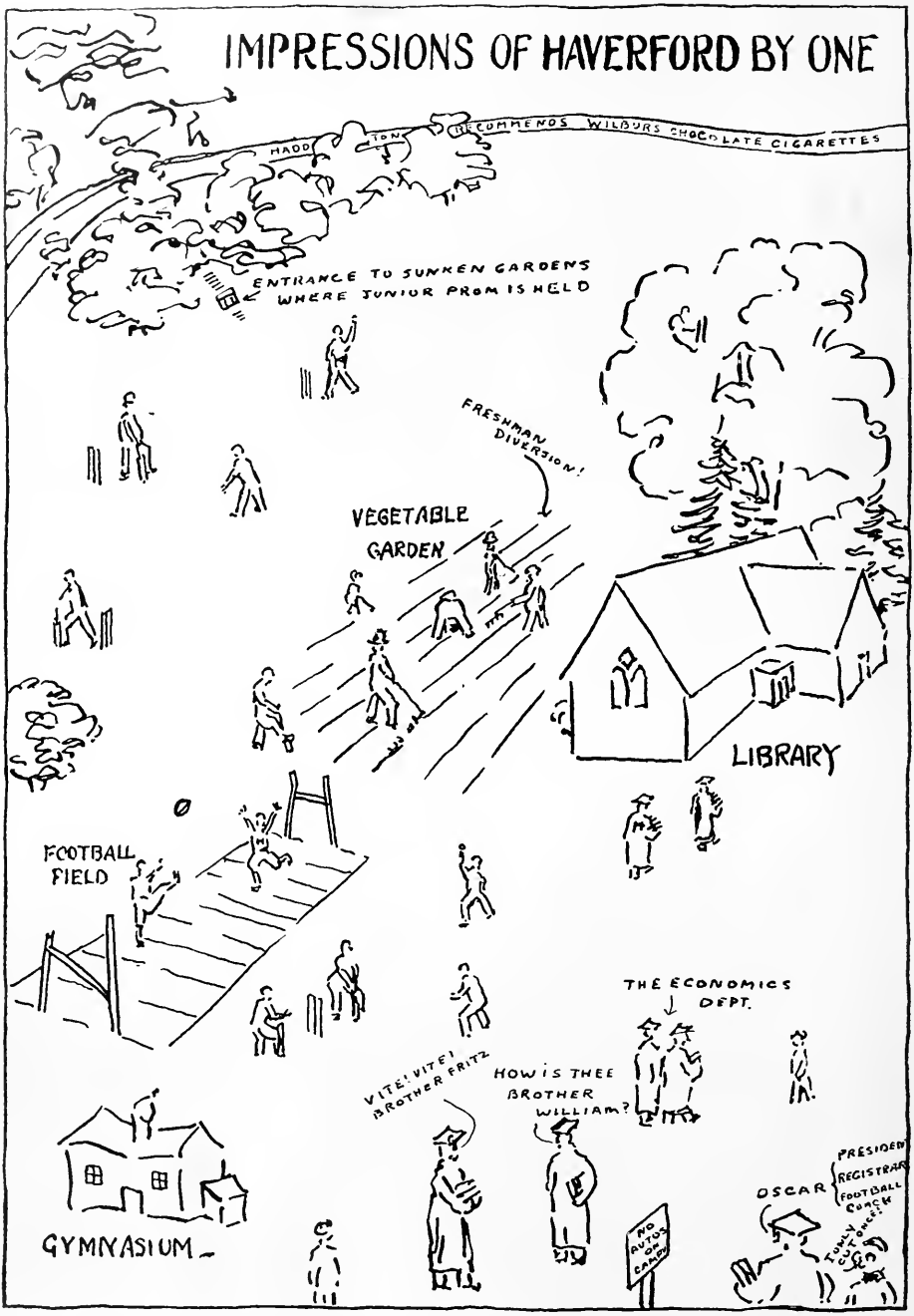
Two new sports started during the fall—swimming and archery. The former had a lively beginning, but the seed must have been sown in shallow soil, for, though many showed up at first, the numbers fell away like one of f(x)'s good laws of permutations gone wrong. The latter was a faculty enterprise, and lasted as long as the arrows did.

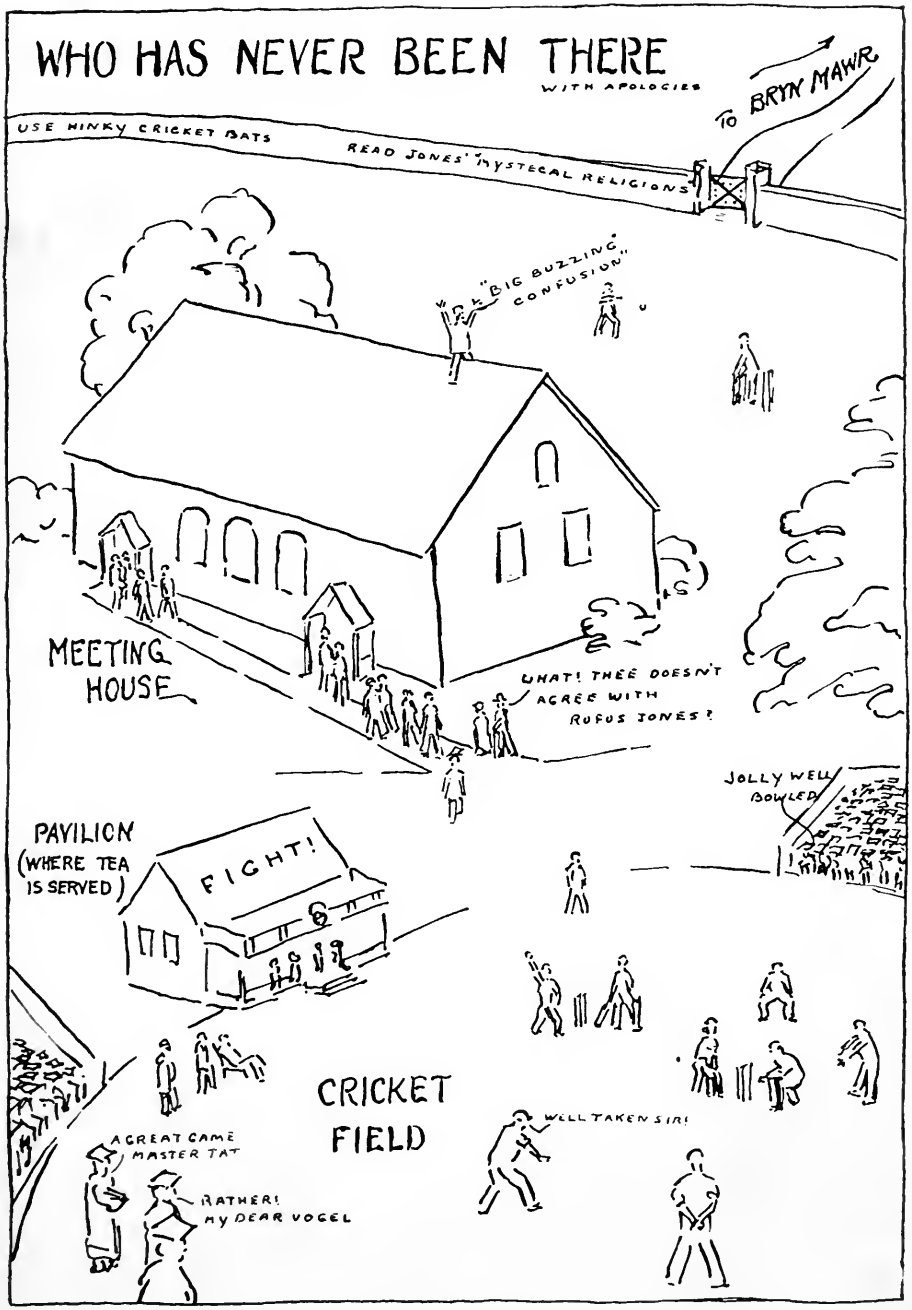
When we returned from Christmas vacation, there were two surprises waiting for us. The Union had been redecorated, and the 1927 *Record* was out.

Again the Glee Club administration made changes, and William P. Bentz was made coach, to assist McConaghy, Woll's successor. The season started off with a bang, as the Glee Club sang in the Musical Revue, "Great Guns," at Lower Merion. Corson's skits about reptiles and cottage pudding were very great additions to the program. The Glee Club entered the Eastern Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Glee Club competition, and sang at Easton, with a second place and a moral victory.

The custom of costuming for the last lecture in Phil. 5 was revived in January, to the satisfaction of the Philadelphia papers, if that be criterion. Villanova, appreciative of our inherent craving for excitement in general and fires in particular, very kindly entertained us on their own campus in true Old World style, after the manner of Nero. As the second half-year began, Dr. Grant was off for Ain Shems to dig, and f(x) for the Ridgeview Country Club, to dig too. Dime banks were distributed by a larger bank in Ardmore, to make some save money, test the ingenuity of others, and remind the rest of us that we're not so old after all.

The foundation has been started for the new Engineering Building which our descendants shall enjoy; Stokes and Whittlesey have brought their dramatic careers to a successful climax; the *News* has discovered that Yoder is our handsomest, Hartzel our doggiest, and Robbie our best; Carnegie has discovered that none of us have learned anything at College, and we soon bring our careers to a close. We will present our Senior Dance, and, if possible, get up in time to graduate the next morning. And as we "step off into space, all alone," may we be blessed as often as damned, laughed with as often as at, and may every one of our beloved friends in the Class of '27 forever confuse the number 28 with the telephone number of his best girl.


IMPRESSIONS OF HAVERFORD BY ONE
HADDON HALL
RECOMMENDS WILBURS CHOCOLATE CIGARETTES
ENTRANCE TO SUNKEN GARDENS WHERE JUNIOR PROM IS HELD
FRESHMAN DIVERSION!
VEGETABLE GARDEN
LIBRARY
FOOTBALL FIELD
THE ECONOMICS DEPT.
VITE! VITE! BROTHER FRITZ
HOW IS THEE BROTHER WILLIAM?
GYMNASIUM
NO AUTOS OR CANDY
OSCAR
PRESIDENT
REGISTRAR
FOOTBALL COACH
FULLY OUT OF CONCEIT


WHO HAS NEVER BEEN THERE
WITH APOLOGIES
TO BRYN MAWR
USE HINKY CRICKET BATS
READ JONES' "MYSTECAL RELIGIONS"
"BIG BUZZING CONFUSION"
MEETING HOUSE
WHAT! THEE DOESN'T AGREE WITH RUFUS JONES?
JOLLY WELL BOWLED
PAVILION (WHERE TEA IS SERVED)
FIGHT!
CRICKET FIELD
A GREAT GAME MASTER TAT
RATHER! MY DEAR VOGEL
WELL TAKEN SIR!

Introduction

A YEAR BOOK, because it is the one tangible phase of college life which is taken home and kept after graduation, is too often written in a spirit of sacred and holy sentimentality. The editors of the 1928 RECORD feel that the more perfect book is the one which, while essentially dignified in content and make-up, should contain enough of the lighter, amusing and perhaps nonsensical side of college life in order to make it a more honest, enjoyable, and truer expression of that life. Accordingly this section called Nonsense, in want of a better term, is included with the hope that readers will feel that it is justified. It has been written "with malice toward none," with strict vigilance to hurt no one's feelings. The Editor takes full responsibility for its content and begs those who have no sense of humor to turn on to sterner stuff.

Babbitt and His "War Horse"

THIS afternoon we shall discuss that great old organ, that war horse of the human body, the *perfistorem majorcus*, perhaps better known as the liver. [*Laughter.*] Situated in the mid-dorsal section between the third and fourth scapula with an inclination to be right of center, it is in a position to carry out its functions with the greatest efficiency. It is of the utmost importance to keep the liver in tip-top condition. Nothing is so beneficial, perhaps, as a cold shower every morning; and if I can stand cold water splashing on my bald pate you certainly can. [*Loud laughter.*]

Dear old Rantland Grice said to me only yesterday at a meeting of the N. I. A. A. A. A. A., which was, by the way, a wonderful meeting, that he attributes his perennial youth to the strict care of the liver.

It was only a few days ago that a student (we won't mention any names here, but he had red hair, wears glasses, and has a limp) came to the infirmary complaining of black spots in his vision. After inserting a shoe horn and a garden trowel only six or seven inches down his throat, it was apparent that the old war horse had gone back on him.

Perhaps this simple outline has been enough to demonstrate how vital the liver is to your health and happiness.

"Ophelia Psycho-analyzed"---Gray

WELL, I suppose it's about time for us to begin. Sit down, won't you, please? I've just been reading the memoirs of Oscar Wilde. He really was a very clever man. I suppose you know what he told David Garrick about his acting in Hamlet? What! You don't? What ignorance! Well, David asked Oscar what he thought of his acting in Hamlet—a really confidential opinion, because he was the kind of chap who liked honest criticism. So Oscar said, "Why, surely. I'll give you my honest opinion. I think your interpretation of Hamlet was—oh, by the way, you understand that this is my opinion after seeing only one performance?" David said, "Of course I do. Go ahead." Oscar continued, "Well, I think your performance of Hamelt was—of course, you know that I was sitting almost on top of the stage?" David got all excited and said, "For God's sake, man, go on." Oscar gently replied, "All right, I think your acting as Hamlet was—well, you realize I can't take other interpretations of the part into consideration, because I've never seen any?" . . . (About ten minutes of the story is omitted here.) And Oscar was saying, "Why, I think your performance of Hamlet was—you don't mind if I take the modern viewpoint, do you?" By this time Garrick was groaning in agony, "I don't care what your point of view is, so long as you get it over with." And Oscar said, "Well, I think your interpretation of Hamlet was funny without being vulgar."

Now, let's see, what were we going to do today? Study the character of Ophelia? Oh, yes! Well, Ophelia was—Mr. MacDonald, is that Baldwin's new book you have there? May I see it? Baldwin is such a damned liar you can never believe him. I found fifty-eight mistakes on the first ten pages. For instance. . . . (We omit twenty minutes of tearing up Baldwin.) Now, what were we talking about? Oh, yes, Ophelia! Ophelia was suffering from the disease of greensickness. It is

so called because it was formerly thought that the condition was brought on by seeing too much green. Words often come from colors. Blanket, for example, was once blanche it—whiten it—because they thought it bleached the skin to keep it from the sun. By the way, what is the etymological derivation of mattress? . . . No, it comes from the Italian *ma tress*—my hair—because people formerly slept on their own hair. Then what about moustache? That comes . . . (We spare the reader a quarter of an hour of etymology.) What started us on all this? Oh, yes, greensickness. You must remember that Ophelia thought Hamlet had proposed to her. Which brings us to the question of just what constitutes a proposal of marriage. What is your method, Mr. Hunsicker? . . . No, Mr. Hunsicker, that may be a proposal of love, but you never mentioned matrimony. . . . How do you go about it, Mr. Morrison? . . . You've never had any experience? Shocking ignorance! You'd better learn how to soon. What about you, Mr. Hogenauer? . . . Is that the bell already? Well, next period we'll discuss another character in the play—Queen Gertrude on Thursday.

Biology according to the eminent Mr. Baker

THIS is a very important lecture, so I would advise those of you who are asleep on the back row to wake up and take a few notes. You say you can't understand my lectures? Well, I know this is a hard topic, but down at Johns Hopkins where they really work they seem to get it all right. Many a night I've sat up with a wet towel around my head and it won't hurt some of you fellows to lose a little of your beauty sleep. That's the way to get it, dig it out.

Now after the egg has been fertilized we have a cylilicus in here which starts to expand over the flexus of the culicular which comes around through the left side over the right enamenata through the singular twitchet, leaving a path which follows at a distance the undulations of the clavicula so that the x-chromesome is free to descend in its natural arc between the mass of genes (Fox and Melchior, stop talking) which correlate with one another to form a bilateral fissure, and in a few days we have a male chicken, but if it had been a female chicken everything would have been entirely different, like this. If anyone else leaves the room while my back is turned I will have to give him a zero. As I was saying, if it had been a female chicken there would have been an odd number of chromesomes, which in the final analysis would have provided an outlet for the ridgy mass of tentulated end organs, and if all football players were like Stokes we wouldn't have any trouble in here.

Watson on "How to tell the Forest from the Trees"

I WANT to finish up with you the subject we were discussing last time: Is Labor (and I am here referring to Labor spelled with a capital L) a commodity or a partner? Now we musn't be ostriches on this live-wire question and go off half-baked [sic] and see red. I have never been one who waves the rag of class hatred. But we must look at it openmindedly, and the only way to get an honest opinion on

the subject is to go out and rub elbows with the Great Unwashed. Now, are the cards stacked against Labor, or is it right in trying to get a place in the sun?

Too many employers have the attitude: "Hip, hip, hurrah, boys, this is mine." And many of the more pessimistic are beginning to have the attitude toward employee representation that "by heck, there ain't no such animal," and workmen have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. Then there are others who believe that we oughtn't try to lock the barn door after the horse is stolen, because there is an awful lot happening when the Dear Public is asleep at the switch. There is a tendency to look askance at the man who has risen from the ranks. He's no longer with the hoi polloi; he's up with the aristoy. But in closing the subject, I would like to bring out the point that I personally believe, and that is that the goose that has been laying the golden egg has had a first-class funeral. Now this may be the work of enlightened despots or it may be a case of the Devil, when he was sick, a saint would be.

Now to get to the subject I had in mind for this morning—that of choosing leaders in industry. In the past there has been too much sweating blood over feeble-minded, high-grade morons. There are still some employers of the old school who believe that you can tell a man by the cut of his jib. But aren't they losing sight of the apperceptive mass, to use a technical term in pedagogy? Some believe that the man at the top may have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Now, without throwing any bouquets, I would like to go over with you the experiences of a well-known manufacturer in this respect. I can't tell you his name and wouldn't if I could. However, as you will see, it is much in line with the progressive steps taken by the Amalgamated Window Cleaners of America. He had a hard time to win his point with his fellow employers. They didn't mince matters any, but rolled up their sleeves, called a spade a spade, and went at each other hammer and tongs.

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Iseewehaveahalfaminutetillthebellsoiwillonlybeabletotakeupfourofthesixpointsi havelefttodiscussthismorning.

"My Country, Good, Bad or Indifferent"
---Kelsey

WELL, boys, we have a great period in American history to go over this morning. You know, every time I give this lecture I feel the thrill and the glory of it all just as if I had been present at the time. Let's see! Last time we got through Section I, Introduction, didn't we? Then today we start with Section II, Preliminaries. Subhead A, Particularism versus Nationalism. Subsection 1, Particularism. Particularism is that tendency or policy that emphasizes local needs and local problems. Subsection 2, Nationalism. Nationalism is the spirit or policy tending to emphasize the general or national problems. Subhead B, Toward a More Perfect Union. Make a note there to refer to your appendix. Subhead C, Bibliography. Now boys, the best place to find material for this period is in Cart's—Professor I. C. Cart of Columbia—multivolume *Americanation*. Banning's *Briefer History*, Volume 76, is also good; and much material is in Hassett's one volume

history. Section II, Westward Ho! Subhead A, Basic Provisions. Subsection 1, The Convention. Subhead little *a*, Assembling. The Convention was called for the second Tuesday after the first Wednesday in September, but that fell on a Sunday, so it was deferred until Monday. Subhead little *b*, Personnel. Washington and Madison were very influential, as the latter had studied all ancient and medieval leagues and guilds. Subhead 2, Proceedings. The Convention met on the 25th of May, and worked behind closed doors until the 17th of September, when it ended, having meantime drawn up, signed, and sealed the greatest document in the world's history. Then the liberty bell pealed forth joyously, giving to the world a new hope and a new meaning.

"That old state house bell is silent!
Hushed is now its silver tongue.
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living, ever young.
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of next July,
Let us not forget the bellman
Who betwixt the earth and sky
Rang out loudly: *Independence.*
Which, please God, shall never die."

Don't Ask Me Any More!

1. *Are you a one-hundred-per-cent-red-blooded-true-hearted-Haverfordian or a mere puppet of Moscow?*

There is a good deal of difference of opinion on this question. The consensus of opinion seems to be that Henry Pleasants was right and that Haverford is a hotbed of sedition. On the other hand, there are a good many who will qualify for life membership in the American Legion or the D. A. R.

2. *What has Haverford done to you?*

Two answers to this question lead all the others. Haverford seems to have ruined innumerable digestive systems and to have accustomed a large number to the missing of breakfast. Some were helped to find the "ultimate reality," while the editor has the temerity to state that he is *non doctior sed melıore doctrina imbutus!*

3. *What has been your favorite college course? Why?*

This is largely, of course, a matter of *de gustibus non est disputandum* (the editor certainly knows his Latin). After the obvious "dessert, because it comes at the end of the meal," Bib. Lit. 6, Surveying, and German 22 find plenty of support and it is recommended that all underclassmen profit by this knowledge and find out why.

4. *Who is your favorite* (a) *actress*, (b) *author*, (c) *musician*, (d) *philosopher?*

a. Helen Hayes has a slight lead over Whittlesey.
b. Haldeman Julius and Bull satisfy most literary tastes.
c. Rachmaninoff, Paderewski, Vanneman and Rex in the order given.
d. Rufus breaks the tape with Elinor Glyn and John, the peanut man, right at his heels.

5. *What phrase (profanity excepted) have you heard most often in College?*

Owing to the restrictions of the question, this was a stickler for many. "Gotta cigarette?" and "Gimmie a nickel" are phrases which have been heard sufficiently to warrant recognition. One answer suggests, "You remembah lahst time we were discussing, Hunsickah . . . "

6. *Which member of our class is most suitably named?*

Bull, without reservations. One answer is quoted verbatim: "'Ty' Stokes; why hasn't someone done it long ago?" Clever fellow, what?

7. (a) *Who is the most important member of the Class?* (b) *Who thinks he is?*

a. In the opinion of the constituents, Stokes seems to have gained this distinction, with Richardson and Thomas other suggestions.

b. A large majority thought that Stokes was probably of the same opinion. Now while there can be no question that Stokes is the most important, it is foul slander to say that he thinks so himself.

8. *Who is the most serious?*

P. Atlee Sheaff comes first and Franklin Smith second. Hartzell polled quite a few votes. Now we'll bet this triumvirate is having a jolly laugh up their respective sleeves, for we've heard P. Atlee pull some pretty fast ones ourselves.

9. (a) *Who is the most innocent?* (b) *Who thinks he is?*

a. Would you believe it? Nearly everyone in the Class has been fooling someone all these years. Brown got several votes, including his own. Hallock, that old rounder, has pulled the wool over a good many eyes.

b. There is a rather remarkable majority in favor of Whittlesey, Wistar and McConaghy. In one of these cases we attribute the illusion to a Westtown "hangover."

10. (a) *Who is the most sophisticated?* (b) *Who thinks he is?*

a. Stokes and Rhoads lead the rest by actual count, and we don't understand it, because when we framed this question we thought the latter would poll a unanimous vote or else it wouldn't have been included.

b. Hollander, the American Mercurian, by a very wide margin.

11. *What is the best thing the Class has done?*

The serious boys point with pride to the Junior Prom. Some say "enter Haverford" and others "graduate from Haverford." Quite a few are of the opinion that the Class hasn't done very much of anything, which is, of course, merely graceful and becoming modesty.

12. *What is your confidential opinion of* (a) *The Liberal Club?* (b) *Sunday dinner?* (c) *cricket?*

a. Unquestionably the most destructive and harmful influence on the campus, controlled by Russian gold.

b. Unquestionably the best meal of the week.

c. Unquestionably a fine old game and one of Haverford's greatest institutions, requiring great skill and endurance.

13. *What would be your first step in setting out to beautify the campus? Be reasonable—the buildings must remain.*

The destruction of Berlinger's hat is considered the first step. The skating pond in its summer dress annoys several. And while on the subject of hats, it has been suggested that Uncle Billy invest a few dollars in a Stetson snap brim.

14. *Suggest the text of a speech to enliven* (a) *Collection*, (b) *Meeting.*

a. The destructive effects of nicotine, when wrapped in white paper, to brain, morals, and fingers; or, is there a car in a coughload?

b. "O sleep, it is a blessed thing."

15. *Why is* (a) *Gray's leather coat?* (b) *Carpenter's green knickers?* (c) *Lunt's brown hat?* (d) *Barrett's brief case?*

a. Covers a multitude of sins.
b. Estate of the late Jean Stoll.
c. A desire to appear collegiate conflicting with a love for the medieval.
d. Because Watson has one, and because he wants to look like a big captain of industry.

16. *How does Watson press his trousers?*

The solution seems to be that he plays the accordion and that to muffle the noise the trousers are placed inside the instrument. Another possibility is that a cross-eyed valet is responsible.

17. *Who is the Class sheik?*

Well, boys, here we have a very pretty race, indeed. On the third recount Hartzell leads Whiting by exactly one vote. McEntee was undoubtedly in the running until he saw fit to remove the distinctive sideburns. We will give you the inside dope and tell that after four years of observation we voted for Horton.

18. *Who is the best dressed?*

Clothes evidently don't make the man, or else the answers to these two questions would have been identical. If these questions cut any ice at all, look for the smiling face of Jack Evans, Haverford's best-dressed man, endorsing celluloid collars in the next issue of *Vanity Fair*.

19. *Who can say the least in the most words?*

The only question in the whole lot which was answered unanimously was this one. John Quincy Hunsicker is awarded the palm and ten bars. Even our distinguished professor of Philosophy must take a seat in the balcony.

20. *Which member of the Class will be the most famous?*

Very few attempted to answer this question at all. Well, we never like to put our own names down anyhow. But it stands to reason that at least two or three members of this great organization will prove something sometime. Smith, the physicist, Sheaff, the lawyer, Whittlesey, the junk dealer, and Nimmo, the *bon vivant*, are suggestions.

21. *Which will be the most infamous?*

The president of the Liberal Club is conceded this questionable honor. Members of the Class may look forward to some interesting memoirs when, *My Forty Years in Fort Leavenworth*, by R. Davis (No. 435,746) is published.

22. *Which will make the most money, and how?*

Seeds, with his well-balanced line of necessities, selling silk stockings, Bibles, oil burners, fire extinguishers, patent vaporizers, magazine subscriptions. Mont Melchior is considered well fitted to sit at the most important directors' meetings in the country.

23. *Why is the* News *superior to the* Haverfordian, *or why not?*

Some very nasty, sarcastic person says that the *Haverfordian* is superior because it only appears once a month. We think that is a case of sour grapes, because he was probably once the editor and *resigned*. But the rank and file favor the *News* because it prints all the news that no other paper will print.

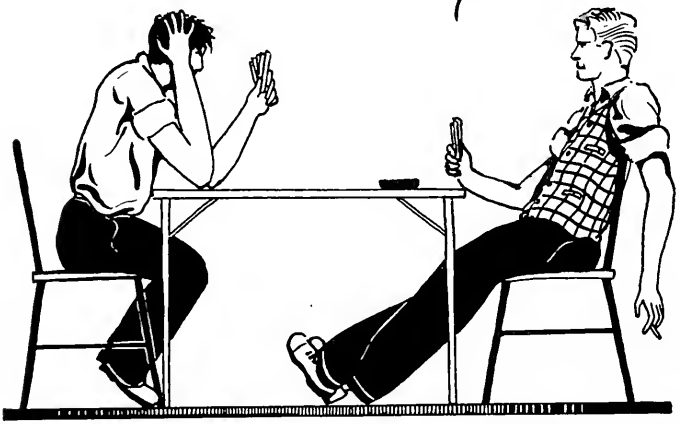
24. *How did you choose your present roommate?*

Funny thing, but there are more snooty answers to this question than any of the others. The remarks range from sheer ignorance and eye trouble to temporary insanity. Cruelest of all perhaps is the answer that so and so's hair just matched his rug.

25. *Who has the most business acumen?*

Beatty meets with general approval as the Class Shylock. This is correct, because only a Shylock could have gotten enough money together to publish this book and, personally, we are still wondering where in hell it did come from.

ACTIVITIES



The Student Council

STOKES assumed the helm of the Student Council in May, 1927, and admirably carried on the work of his predecessors, in addition to the inauguration of several innovations of his own. The character of the Student Council is changing and no longer is it a squad of policemen whose chief duties are to see that the letter of the constitution is upheld.

Perhaps the most important function of the Council is to preserve harmony between the administration, faculty, and students by acting as the mediary body. This harmony expresses itself in the general welfare and happiness of the entire College rather than in specific legislation. It is no exaggeration to say that this year there has been a finer spirit of coöperation among all concerned than ever before.

While on the alert to provide progressive legislation when needed, the Council took upon itself the desire to uphold the spirit of the already copious constitution more effectively than in the past. In this it has been successful and it is worthy of note that in so doing very few fines were levied.

Specifically, the Council has brought about a change in the smoking rules, incorporation of Library conduct and use in the honor system, and by dint of watchfulness has put on a firm basis the good work begun last year in correcting the tradition that College property may be destroyed with impunity. The annual bill for damages has been reduced from hundreds of dollars to something under ten. There is also a large share of disciplinary jurisdiction, formerly in the hands of the Dean, which has fallen to the Council, but which for obvious reasons receives no publicity.

Haverford News

IN the fall of 1924, three freshmen were initiated into the trials and tribulations of newspaper editing under the Marshall régime. These three aspirants, Hollander and Rhoads of the editorial board, and Armstrong of the sporting department, were later joined by Horton, who also took up the sports quill. Hollander became Managing Editor under Baker, but later resigned. Hetzel joined the business staff, but withdrew after a year of service. In December, 1926, Horton, the only one of the veterans remaining, donned the editorial toga. Murphey took over the reins of the business board. After gloomy forebodings and threats that involuntary bankruptcy was imminent, he guided the *News* through one of its most successful financial years. Thomas, under his roommate's tutoring, became circulation manager.

Yoder, who had first graced the board with his presence in Sophomore year, succeeded to the sporting editor's chair left vacant by Horton and managed well the popular page. Bready's scintillating sporting sensations will long remain as landmarks in the annals of the *News*. Senior year he ably headed the new department organized to cover sports publicity for the Philadelphia papers. Mention must also be made of the service of Stokes on the sporting board and Burgess on the editorial board during their short time with the paper.

The editorial program of the paper, December, 1926, to January, 1928, included a strenuous campaign to restore the Swarthmore game, revision of the A.B. degree, abolition of First Night Activities, organization of an Eastern Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Glee Club Association, adoption of the Four-Course Plan, and other suggestions of greater or less importance.

MUSICAL CLUB

Musical Clubs

AN improved tone and a better selection of pieces for the Glee Club, and the development of an Instrumental Club equal to, and in some respects surpassing, organizations of former years, were the achievements of the Musical Clubs in 1928. The Instrumental Club was most fortunate in again securing the services of Mr. Richard L. Weaver as its director. Mr. William P. Bentz coached the Glee Club and moulded together a group of singers who performed very creditably.

Vanneman, leader of the orchestra, because of his excellence at the drums, was forced to perform rather than wave the baton, and Miller, '26, acted as leader. During the past season, 1928 accounted for seven other members of the Instrumental Club. Fitzsimmons was in the saxophone section, while Burgess, Evans, Stevens, and Wistar played mandolins. McEntee and Shank bore the brunt of the trumpeting for four years (together with Vanneman during the first three). Mention must also be made of Rex, who occasionally assisted at the drums.

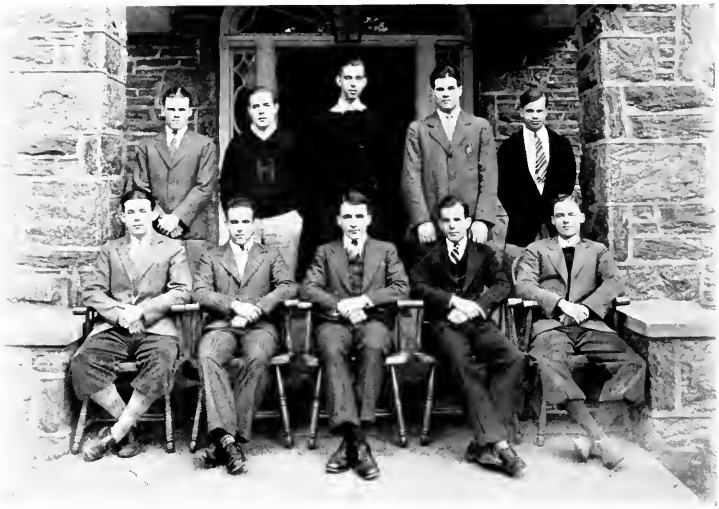
Scholastic and other pursuits claimed Woll from Glee Club leadership, in which position he had raised the singers of 1927 to a high peak. McConaghy was chosen to guide the voices and did exceedingly well. Woll and Lane were 1928's representatives in the baritone division, while Melchior Nichols, and Tatum comprised the seniors of the second tenor group. Richie and Seeds added great volume to the basses and will be sorely missed.

The Glee Club placed second in the Eastern Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Glee Club Competition held at Easton. In the contest the men gave a beautiful interpretation of Sibelius's "The Broken Melody," the prize song. The choice song, Plumhof's "Where Flyest Thou," was also well done and proved popular with all audiences who heard it. The Instrumental Club reached a peak of perfection in its rendition of Sibelius's "Finlandia," a piece requiring great skill on the part of Vanneman at the drums.

An innovation in this year's program was a specialty act by Corson, '29, which was always well received. He was assisted by Vanneman, Fitzsimmons, and Stevens. A quartet was organized for the first time in some years and appeared creditably in a number of performances. Composed of Rorer, Speck, Olton, and Hill, it sang "Liza Lady" and "Different Kinds of Women." The Clubs were fortunate in again securing Dr. Carpenter to sing at the Home Concert. Mr. Bentz accompanied him while he sang "Trade Winds," "Allerseelen" and many other favorites. Mussey, '30, occasionally assisted the Clubs greatly with flights into the realm of magic.

After much talk of trips to New England and the South, the schedule finally resolved itself into a number of appearances closer to the base of operations. The season opened with the annual trip to the Dennis and Haddon Hall at Atlantic City. Made possible by the ardent support of the Wilmington alumni, a concert and dance were held at the DuPont-Biltmore and proved to be one of the most enjoyable performances of the year. The South Jersey Alumni again staged a concert at Moorestown. The fifth annual concert with Princeton in the Foyer of the Academy of Music was a tremendous success. Other performances were held at West Chester, under the auspices of the State Teachers College, and at the Philadelphia Normal School. The Clubs, one or both, appeared at the Pennsylvania Hospital, the Seamen's Church Institute, the Chapel of the Prince of Peace, Girard College, and the Pennsylvania Working Home for Blind Men.

Horton proved to be the best manager the clubs have ever had. He not only provided an interesting schedule but failed to lose any money in so doing.



The Y. M. C. A.

WITH Charles Robinson at the head of the "Y" Cabinet, it has led an active life during this past year. The frequent cabinet meetings of former years were disposed of because of the needlessness of them. The cabinet members did their work industriously, maintaining the good work of the previous staffs.

Under the chairmanship of R. Lane, the Social Service Committee went through the most strenuous and constructive year since its founding just a quarter of a century ago. Twenty-one classes a week were regularly conducted by Haverford undergraduates, the Preston Community Center being the focus of its activities.

Over $2,000 was pledged to the Charity Chest, and, thanks to the persistence of Richardson, the percentage of collected pledges was the highest since 1918.

Over 90 per cent of the college was brought into membership by the committee in charge of this work, headed by J. Evans. This is the highest membership on record.

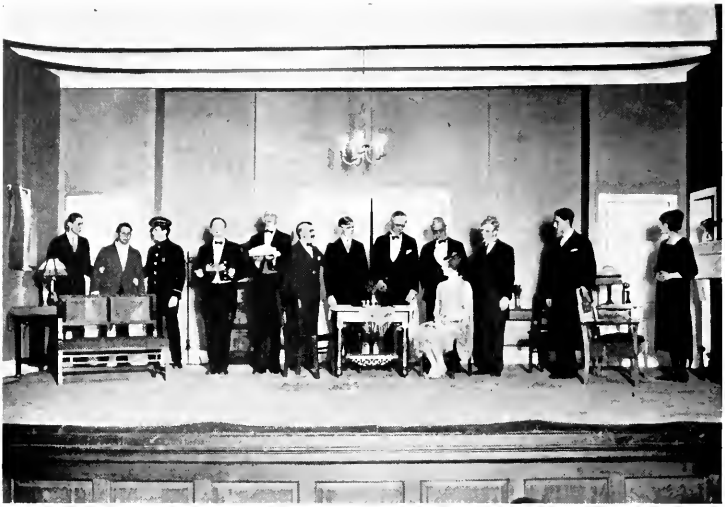
The Conference program was begun when twelve men went to the ten-day Conference at Eagles Mere. The co-ed plan of this conference seems to be attractive to all, the attendance being triple that of the previous year.

Perhaps the most noteworthy of the improvements during the régime of the present cabinet is the increased interest in the Wednesday evening meetings. The attendance per meeting averaged well over one hundred. This was the immediate result of fewer and better known speakers, such as President Aydelotte of Swarthmore, Kirby Page, Frederick Libby, Rabbi Fineshriber, and Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell.

The Haverfordian

DURING our four years at Haverford, *The Haverfordian*, next to cricket the most maligned institution on the campus, has gone through a period of both mental and physical turmoil. Physically it has emerged triumphant. A succession of able and enthusiastic business boards have put it financially on its feet and have greatly increased the efficiency of its management. Thanks to the advertising staff, the magazine has been able in the past few years to constantly improve its make-up. A notable introduction has been the increasing use of illustrations. Among those who are responsible for this are three members of our class—Whittlesey, Rhoads, and Beatty. The first two were elected to the business board at the close of freshman year, but Rhoads resigned during the next season. Meanwhile Beatty had joined the staff and proceeded to do excellent work well into his senior year. Whittlesey has served very ably as Publicarion Manager, and more recently as Business Manager.

On the editorial board the class has had only one representative—Bull, who has served with distinction all four years. Unless new material for the editorial department of *The Haverfordian* appears shortly, its future, in spite of the firm business foundation, looks none too bright. But perhaps we are pessimistic. At least one student of undoubted literary ability has always succeeded in maintaining the excellent standard of this venerable institution—and probably there will always be at least one such student in Haverford.



Dramatics

THE CLASS of 1928 was not slow in displaying its histrionic capabilities once it had entered college. The mere mention of the cakewalk still conjures up priceless pictures of the Nimmo rainbow scarf dance, of the Keith-Scott bobolink and snake ballet, and of Armstrong's horseback ride.

The Freshman Tryouts disclosed no less than twenty-four embryonic Barrymores, and also brought to light that magnificent opus, *Love in a Lobby*, the joint work of three of our members.

The Classical Club production of Terence's *Adelphoe* was decidedly a Rhinie production, since its cast included Horton, Yoder, Woll, McConaghy, Keith, Hartzel, Hallock, Rhoads, and Whiting.

The Cap and Bells annual production found its two leading rôles taken by members of our class, while two others had minor parts. The play was *The Boomerang*, and not only was it successful in itself, but it served to introduce to the adoring public Tyson Stokes and Theodore Whittlesey, a starring team which has now for four years done so much to raise the level of our annual production. Stokes was a revelation of self-assurance, excellent diction, forceful personality, and dramatic talent; Whittlesey proved to be an altogether engaging and convincing heroine. Bull and Hunsicker made charming wisps of femininity. The morning after the Goucher performance the *Baltimore Sun* declared "little does one suspect that the husky exterior of the gridiron warrior shields the purring heart of the dainty actress."

It was greatly surprised at the modesty of the maidens, which gave the production, it thought, "a quaint old-fashioned touch."

The following season saw the production of *Captain Applejack*, a somewhat more pretentious play, and one calling heavily upon the talents of the cast. Stokes and Whittlesey, however, showed that they were more than able to cope with the task, and came crashing through with honor. The former minced, and rolled, and roared to his heart's content, changing his manner with ease, while the latter was (we quote a critical review) "a vision of sheer loveliness." Burgess played a minor rôle with ability. The Classical Club presentation of Plautus's *Aulularia* called upon the talents of Stokes, Horton, Keith, Hunsicker, Hallock, and Yoder. Stokes under a cloud of white powder in the rôle of the household god, and Keith as the weather-beaten hag, were among the more vivid of the characters.

The spring of 1927 gave Stokes and Whittlesey another chance to show their ability in *The Hottentot*. Needless to say, they maintained the high standard of excellence which they had previously set for themselves. Yoder played the part of Alec with adequacy and smoothness. Beatty was an able assistant stage manager, and also filled a minor rôle.

The Stokes-Whittlesey team sang their swan song this spring in *Three Wise Fools*—and a very pleasant song it was. Yoder was again present in the cast, playing the part of an elderly physician with dignity and restraint. Hogenaeur, O. Melchior, and Beatty were more than able in minor but colorful rôles. Stokes gave perhaps the finest performance of his Cap and Bells career as the crabbed yet withal likeable banker with his glasses poised on the end of his nose and a cigar clamped firmly between his teeth. Whittlesey played somewhat more lightly and spontaneously than usual. The scene in which he kissed the other members of the cast good-night was especially impressive. Thomas was the able manager of the production, and too much can not be said for Beatty's excellent work as stage manager. He has created a new standard of excellence in that line.

Stokes and Yoder were again present in the Classical Club presentation of *Miles Gloriosus*, and Horton was delightful as an old pseudo-philosopher. Sheaff was the capable business manager of the production.

Certainly the Class of 1928 may well point with pride to its contributions in the dramatic field!

Minor Organizations

The Liberal Club

THE work of the Liberal Club during its second year was an attempt to carry on the good work of its founders. Its financial resources were even less than those of 1927, but, because of Dr. Comfort's timely assistance, this difficulty was overcome. The policy of entertaining speakers at supper with an informal group was continued. So far, two speakers have addressed the club: Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes and Dr. Harry Laidler.

The Scientific Society

The Scientific Society, under the leadership of Jonathan Rhoades, was successful in securing several lecturers on subjects of general interest. Kenneth Walton, '22, spoke on "Airplanes and Aviation," N. E. Funk on "The Conowingo Development," and C. W. Brown of the H. K. Mulford Company on "The Production of Biological Products and Their Uses in the Prevention and Cure of Disease." The Club also held some student meetings, one of which was addressed by Franklin Smith on "X-ray Spectroscopy" and another by J. T. Emlen on "Birds of the Island of Haiti." Emlen's talk was supplemented with slides and proved of unusual interest.

Debating

The record of this year's debating team proved to be an even break, with victories over Lafayette and Trinity and reversed decisions in the case of Juniata and Bowdoin. The team suffered from the fact that its best material was not always available. Hunsicker, Hollander, Ensworth, Sullivan, Spelt, and C. Miller all debated during the season.

The Chess Club

Having reëntered the Philadelphia League, the Chess Team has been rather active this year. Matches were scheduled with Franklin, Ridley Park, West Philadelphia High School, Reichhelm, Tyro, U. of P., Mercantile, and Houston Hall chess clubs. The first two boards have won fairly consistently, but the showing of the last three prevented a winning season.

The Radio Club

After the removal of the broadcasting station, WABQ, radio at Haverford suffered a decided relapse. However, interest along the scientific line has developed during the last half year. The president, Franklin Smith, has instituted code classes and as soon as operators become licensed, expects to make use of the transmitting outfit, 3BVN and 3ZG.

The Chemistry Club

Following its usual policy, the Chemistry Club has devoted itself for the most part to informal meetings. President Richard Wistar secured one outside speaker, Dr. Cajori, who spoke on "Chemistry in Medicine."

The Classical Club

The chief work of the Classical Club was the successful production of the annual play. This year the "Miles Gloriosus" of Plautus was given. The play was translated by Dr. Lockwood, but owing to his absence from college the play was directed by Mr. Post and J. T. Stokes, president of the club. Several speakers were secured for the meetings throughout the year.

MWE
ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL TEAM

Football

THE Class of 1928 limited its participation in football to the first three years of its existence at Haverford. In the fall of 1924 eight classmates sported Varsity uniforms. Charlie Robinson was the only one of the eight who trotted off the field after the 1927 finale—with Founder's Bell ringing out a 27–0 victory over Delaware. All the rest had dropped by the wayside in the long journey from Freshman to Senior.

Larry Tassi and Henry Ambler, two of the fleetest backs ever seen on Walton Field, left college at the end of Freshman year. Flint also departed, but returned the following season to cover himself with glory at the quarterback post and become captain-elect. But Dean grew restless again, and in spite of urgent protests, again packed up and hurried back to the big attraction in New York. Jimmie Mitchell and Theo Vanneman were the next pair to be lost from the squad. They came from Haverford School together. Mitchell couldn't settle down to business because of matrimonial plans. Vanneman just decided to retire.

Addison Fox and Clifford Scott were the next pair of pigskin toters to sever official relations with the Scarlet and Black football squad. Fox failed to return for Senior year, after three bang-up seasons at center and quarterback, both of which he could play equally well. Scott left for a year, but is now back at college as a member of 1929.

Charlie Robinson was a regular tackle on the scrub eleven for three years. Last season, however, he saw quite a bit of service in big tilts, and thanks to his stick-to-it-iveness and pluck, has the distinction of being the only Varsity member of 1928. John Fitzsimmons came out for the team in his Senior year, and played well enough at end to earn his numerals.

Even though our class has not contributed its quota of material to the great American autumn pastime, it has been witness of some history in the making. The Harman system was just beginning to take root when we, as green-clad Rhinies, witnessed our small team out-battle Columbia in that 29–3 game in New York City. From that first glimpse of Haverford in action, right on through to the memorable 12–0 Franklin Field mud-battle with Swarthmore we realized what college had in store for us with a spirit like Haverford's and a coach like Harvey Harman.

The highlights of our Sophomore year were three overwhelming defeats by Columbia, Penn, and Swarthmore. Especially will that 70–13 score stand out in our memory in the years to come, and the thrill we got when the first quarter ended 13–0 with Haverford leading. But the team came back after each defeat to score a victory, and the season ended with as many wins as losses. Captain M. Miller and Chick Sumwalt were the outstanding stars.

For the first time in over a decade the schedule did not include the annual Garnet battle in 1926. Haverford was represented that year by one of the best teams in its history. After suffering a defeat in the first game of the season, Captain Middleton led the Scarlet and Black to six consecutive triumphs over St. Johns, Hamilton, Juniata, City College of New York, Drexel, and Delaware. Along with Webster, Tripp, and Middleton, Flint scintillated in the backfield and was elected captain of the 1927 machine. This backfield rolled up 126 points, and Haverford was tied with Oberlin for the honor of having least number of points tallied by opponents, namely, 18.

Harvey Harman had a big job in attempting to develop a team as good as that of the previous year. All of the candidates for the vacant berths were young and

SOCCER TEAM

inexperienced. Around Egg Morris, of all-American fame, and Curt Dohan, who was elected captain to succeed Flint, Harman built up a stone-wall defense. With these two at the tackles, Murray and Milliken were placed at the guards, Newton and Brown at the wing positions and Tom Gawthrop, captain-elect for 1928, at the pivot post. Wriggens, Robinson, Hicks, Collison, Bevan, and Wilt were the line substitutes.

The backfield was built around the veteran, Tripp. Gene and Ed Hogenauer, Kingham, Speck, and Ensworth filled in exceptionally well. The work of Morris, Dohan, Gawthrop, and Tripp stood out, but it was the teamwork and fighting spirit of the whole squad that made possible the five victories in eight games.

After licking F. and M. 11–0, two contests in a row were lost to Amherst and Johns Hopkins. The one-sided Drexel slaughter ruined a good season for Walter Halas. At St. Johns the team slumped badly, played way below form, and lost a game that should have been on the other side of the ledger. Three games remained on the schedule. The team redeemed itself for the St. Johns defeat by downing C. C. N. Y., Hamilton, and Delaware in quick succession. A scrappy Blue and Gold eleven held the Scarlet and Black scoreless through two periods on a bitter cold November afternoon. Then Haverford uncorked a dazzling forward pass barrage which rolled up 27 points during the final quarters.

We, the Class of 1928, have been fortunate in witnessing the rapid upward trend of football at Haverford. Under Harvey Harman's inspiring leadership and with eleven experienced veterans back in 1928, Haverford ought to have another record-making grid machine. Manager Hartzell's ability in keeping the squad well supplied was a big factor in the team's success.

Soccer

SOCCER has always been Haverford's outstanding sport. For many years our college has been represented by teams that have ranked side by side with the best in the country. The 1927 combination was no exception. Hampered by injuries and the loss of Captain Logan, all-American fullback, Coach McPete turned out an aggregation that stood second only to the championship Princeton eleven.

Haverford's strength lay in the line, and more particularly, in the right side of the line. There was no regular outside left. But three of the other four forward positions were filled by members of the Class of 1928. It is no exaggeration to say that these three men have been mainly responsible for the past successful season.

The team did not win a championship. It made a gallant bid against Princeton, but finally succumbed. Shortly after Captain Estes had suffered one of his regular Saturday afternoon cramps, Packard headed a pretty shot into the Haverford goal. The game ended a few minutes later with the score 3 to 2. It was the only defeat of the season.

Cornell, Swarthmore, Lehigh, and Lafayette were decisively beaten. Two extra periods failed to break a deadlock with an inferior Penn eleven, and the game ended in the darkness. The sturdy Penn State defense was the only combination that succeeded in breaking up the McPete system of a swift short-passing line. The score was 0–0. The season's record was six victories, two defeats, and two ties.

Morris Estes, according to James McPete, is the "greatest player he ever coached." Around him centered the offense. There was not a back in intercollegiate circles who was able to halt him. He was equally good at taking the ball away from an opponent. There was never a moment of any game when Estes was idle. He was fast enough to help in a halfback scrimmage and get back to his place in the line in time to receive a pass. He was an unanimous choice for all-American honors, and is a likely candidate to represent the United States in the Olympic games.

Ingram Richardson, a veteran of three years' experience on the Varsity, played a stellar game at outside right. He had a powerful right-foot cross, and was a sure shot near the goal. Working in perfect coördination with Estes, the pair would sweep down the length of the field without a break. Their timing and passing was perfect, and it was through this combination that Haverford secured the majority of its scores.

Jack McConaghy had the difficult position of inside left to guard, and he did it admirably. There was always plenty of speed to be had, especially with Charlie Tatum at the wing post, but there was not a whole lot of accuracy. Dick Wistar also played several games.

Starting off on the famous Merion field cow pasture, where Coach Steele teaches the future stars the rudiments of the game, Jack Evans worked his way up through the Third Team and the Junior Varsity to a regular fullback post. Alongside of Logan, they made a pair of staunch defenders. But when Irish left college, and Evans's knee nearly followed him after a healthy boot one fine autumn day, the Haverford defense was never quite the same. Carl Berlinger, Dick Hillier, and Fred Burgess played good soccer for the J. V.'s.

No account of the 1927 season would be complete without the mention of three undergraduates whose playing was the feature of many a game. Bill Frazier and Captain-elect Jimmy Maier displayed a great brand of soccer as halfbacks. Both received all-American honor, and were accorded Olympic try-outs. They formed the nucleus of the defense, along with Alsop, the goal tender. No one could rise to greater heights than Alsop, but at times he was very inconsistent.

Among the soccer landmarks of our four years' stay at college is that memorable 8-7 game on River Field with Penn. There are victories over Yale, Harvard, Navy, Swarthmore, Cornell, Lehigh, Lafayette, and Penn. Four bitter battles with Princeton, three of which resulted in ties, will long be remembered. A Pennsylvania State Championship was won by the Junior Varsity. Twice the Varsity finished runner-up in the Intercollegiate League. When the League disbanded in 1926, Haverford was voted one of the three outstanding teams in the Conference. And as we have already mentioned, to bring our story up to date, we were second only to Princeton in 1927. One other soccer landmark we won't forget is Dr. Palmer rising to his feet in the Walton Field grandstand, while witnessing a football game, and shouting, "They've scored, they've scored!" The football was on the 40-yard line, but away off in the distance on '88 Field the soccer team had just tallied the goal that downed Penn in 1926. In closing we must commend Theodore Whittlesey for his scientific management of the budget system.

Basketball

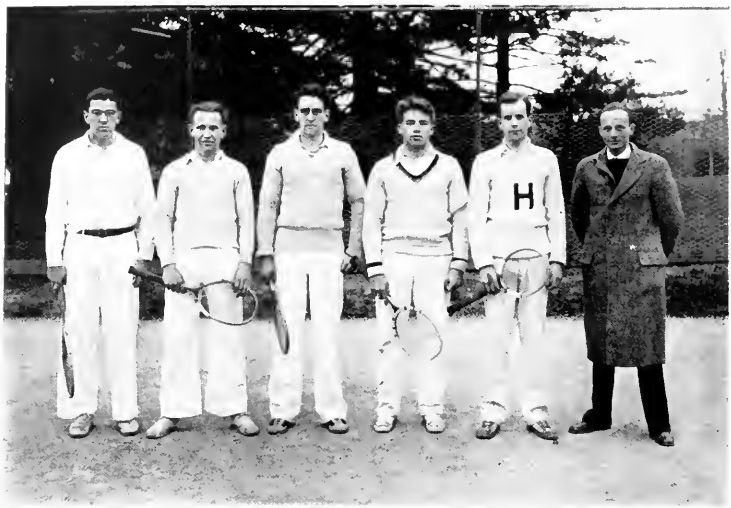
THE Class of 1928 has the distinction of being the only one in the history of the College to have three basketball captains. Allen Thomas, Oliver Melchior, and Frank Logan were all elected to lead the courtmen, although the latter never got an opportunity to do so. Melchior was captain in 1927 and Thomas the following year.

Walter Halas had just taken over the coaching reins when our class arrived. Of the eight men on the squad, four were Freshmen. There was Logan, Mitchell, Melchior, and Richardson. It took the coach half the season to install the western style of play, but the dribblers were playing good basketball by the end of the 1925 season.

Phil Garrett was elected to succeed brother Tom as captain. The 1926 record was a marked improvement over the previous year. Thomas and Richter swelled 1928's representation on the basketball court to six out of a squad of eleven. Besides two victories over Delaware, the first triumph over Swarthmore was hung up. The game was played in the Haverford gym. A beautiful exhibition of foul-shooting gave the Scarlet and Black the laurels. Pandemonium broke loose as the final whistle blew with the score 33–30.

Irish Logan was the outstanding player of the 1926 season. His guarding was air-tight. He could shoot from any angle, from any distance, and was leading scorer. His fighting spirit made him the unanimous choice for captain.

Thomas played his first games of basketball this season. His rise to fame was short but rapid. Halas taught him the rudiments, which, combined with a great



TENNIS TEAM

deal of natural ability, made him star center, ranking second in scoring. Not a single opponent succeeded in outjumping him during the last two years of his playing.

But the end of the 1926 season saw the departure of Jimmie Mitchell, Ingram Richardson, Lou Richter, and Irish Logan from the ranks. The prospects for the next season were suddenly changed from best to worst. The chances for an "all-1928" team representing Haverford were shattered.

Another election was held and Oliver Melchior was appointed new captain. The Class of 1929 came through with valuable additions in Jimmie Downward and David Bevan; 1930 contributed Egg Morris and the Supplee brothers. Vogel of 1927 filled one of the guard posts ably. Downward and Melchior began their lengthy consecutive-game records. The latter played brilliantly and led the team in scoring. Delaware and Swarthmore were again defeated. The Garnet score was the same as the previous year, 33-30, Captain Melchior scoring 14 points.

The great playing of Thomas was the feature of the latter half of the 1927 season, and he was elected captain. A very difficult schedule was arranged for 1928. The squad had to learn a new system under Coach James Brown. The man-for-man style of defense was entirely different. Morris decided not to play basketball, Thomas was injured in the first game of the season with Penn. With these and many other handicaps, the Scarlet and Black quintet found it difficult to get under way. The team played spotty basketball.

The climax of the year was the third consecutive victory over the Garnet. After a rather in-and-out season, both quintets were out to atone for their previous showings. The Haverford gymnasium was filled to capacity. Swarthmore jumped into an early lead, which was easily overcome when Jimmie Downward found the

range of the basket. The Scarlet and Black held this advantage until near the end of the final half. The Garnet spurted and gained a one-point margin. After a brief time-out, Thomas and Melchior broke out for a pair of goals, which gave Haverford the decision, 36–30.

This game capped the climax of the college careers of two of the ablest captains Haverford has ever had—Allen Thomas and Oliver Melchior. We are mighty proud that they distinguished themselves as members of 1928. The former gained all his experience while at college. The latter played through four seasons, missing only a couple of games on account of injuries. K. Fox's conscientious management was a big factor in putting the game on a paying basis.

Tennis

THE tennis team has been keeping pace with the other sports in the matter of progress. In Freshman year the team dropped only one match out of nine. Two out of twelve were lost the following season, and last year the team won seven and lost five. Since the recognition of tennis as a major sport in 1923, there has been a steady improvement in material. More difficult schedules are being arranged each year.

In Intercollegiate matches Captain Johnson was the star in 1925. He also won the Virginia Cup Tournament, symbolic of the singles championship of the college. In 1926 Howard Marshall proved the star. William Lester, however, won the Virginia Cup. Last season Webster and Lester played brilliant tennis. Jack Evans of 1926, however, walked off with the college singles championship, by defeating Captain Lester in the final round 3–6, 6–2, 6–2, 3–6, 6–1.

Jack Evans will lead the 1928 team through the hardest schedule a Haverford team has ever faced, including matches with Penn, Columbia, Navy, Lehigh, Georgetown, Swarthmore, Washington and Lee, Bucknell, Rutgers, and Delaware. Norman Bramal has been engaged as coach, and it is hoped that with the help of an experienced player the team will survive the difficult array of matches with a majority of triumphs. W. R. Bready is the manager who is responsible for the schedule.

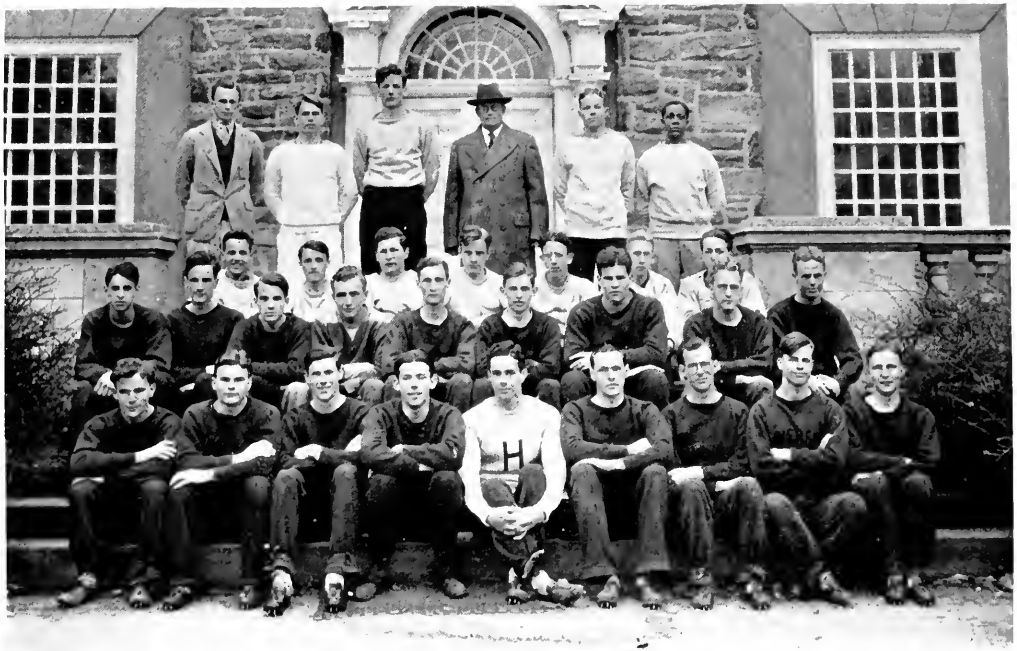
In all probability Evans will play No. 1. Last year was his first as a member of the Varsity. He alternated between fourth and third position. His rapid development made him the outstanding player on the squad by the end of the season. He was the only one to register a victory over his opponent in the Swarthmore match. His record for the season shows eleven matches won and one lost.

Morris Estes, who was first singles on the J. V. in 1926 is expected to win a Varsity position. He plays a hard driving game, is deadly at the net, and has a difficult service. He tan Evans to five sets in the Virginia Cup tournament before being eliminated.

There seems to be an abundamce of material in the lower classes to fill the gaps left by the loss of Lester, Webster, Forsythe, and Cary. The most promising of the candidates is George Johnson, who saw a lot of service in Varsity contests last year. He is very erratic, but with a little more experience will make a valuable addition to the squad.

Haverford is a member of the Middle Atlantic Tennis Conference, and enters players in the Middle Atlantic Tournament usually held at Merion Cricket Club.

There are several undergraduate tournaments for non-Varsity players such as the Interdormitory and Novice tournaments. Members of the class who have starred in these are Stevens, Thomas, Berlinger, and Richardson.



TRACK TEAM

Track

FOR many years Haverford's track teams have been the feature of the spring sports program. To Pop Haddleton must go the credit for the development of the point-amassing aggregations that have brought victory to the Scarlet and Black on so many occasions. Dickinson, Rutgers, Lafayette, and Villanova, with proud records of many undefeated years behind them, have all been forced to bow before Pop's protégés.

In freshman year our class team made an excellent showing against George School, Penn Charter, Haverford School, Westtown, and others. The Varsity tasted defeat the first two years from our Garnet foes. Last season Pop turned the tables, and we won easily 75–51.

The Middle Atlantics were held at Haverford in 1925, as they will be in 1928–29–30. Haverford qualified an unusually long list of men, but was nosed out on the final day by Swarthmore. The margin of victory was 11 points. In 1926 the Garnet was again victorious, this time by 1 2 point. For the third consecutive year Haverford was runner-up in 1927, when New York University won with 40 points and the Scarlet and Black gathered 38. Rutgers, Union, Lehigh, Lafayette, F. and M., Muhlenberg, Washington, Gettysburg, Swarthmore and others were easily outdistanced.

From 1924 to 1927 six college records were shattered. Hugh Montgomery, '25, heaved the javelin 180 feet 9^{1}_{2} inches; Ray Thomas, '25, threw the discus 134 feet 9^{3}_{4} inches; Stewart Hoskins, '27, pole-vaulted 12 feet $^{1}_{2}$ inch. Captain John McConaghy, '28, lowered the high and low hurdle marks in the Swarthmore meet last year. The record now stands 15^{7}_{10} seconds for the high hurdles, and 25 seconds for the low. Allen Thomas twice broke the broad jump record, his longest leap being 23 feet 4^{3}_{4} inches. Morris, an underclassman, twice humbled the shot-put mark. The record is now 43 feet 5^{1}_{2} inches.

The Walton Prize Cup last season was awarded to J. Howard Morris, who rolled up 62 points in Varsity meets, in addition to 56 points in Freshman contests. Nearly all of this score was compiled in the shot-put and discus events.

Allen Thomas ranked second to Morris in point-scoring. He tallied 46, mostly in the broad-jump and the dashes. A wrenched knee bothered Tommy all year, yet he proved to be a consistent performer in spite of his injury. Jack McConaghy ranked third with 43 points. Jack is a Haddleton-made hurdler, and from the way he was topping the timbers last spring, it looks as though a couple of records are in danger. He has shown improvement in every meet. Richardson ranked fifth among the leading scorers, just behind Captain Stewart Hoskins, '27. Ing garnered 34 markers in his favorite hurdle events and the high jump. Ensworth, '29, was sixth, with Dean Flint a close seventh. Flint became a three-letter man by deciding to hurl a javelin in 1927 instead of a baseball. Dean registered 25 points.

Although it was Thomas, McConaghy, Richardson, and Flint who carried the brunt of the honors in track competition for 1928, the real veteran of the team is Charlie Tatum. After lending a helping hand with all the rest of us in the building of the board track, Pop decided that Charlie's pair of spindle legs could carry him around a quarter mile. He proved his worth by making the relay team and performing like a star.

One of the hardest workers on the team was Ted Whittlesey, who represented the entire Haverford College cross-country team one year. Ted garnered 10 points

BASEBALL TEAM

in 1927 by winning a couple of those eight-lap races. A great deal of credit is due to Keely Fox for his devotion to track through four years of cinder-path work. Among other point winners for 1928 were Carl Berlinger, Jonathan Roads, and Royal Davis.

Haverford faces a hard schedule this spring, having meets with Delaware, Villanova, Temple, Swarthmore, Bucknell, and Ursinus. New York University is favored to win the Middle Atlantics, but Haverford's chances are improved by the fact that the meet will be held on Walton Field. Henry Murphey will take charge of lifting the hurdles back and forth on the track and softening the sandpits.

Baseball

IF there is one sport in which the Class of 1928 can claim high honors, it is baseball. With due credit to Walter Halas, and other classes which have contributed, it remained for 1928 to start the horsehide rolling. Freshman year saw Renwick, Flint, Logan, Richter, Vanneman, Fox, Berlinger, Yoder, and Hartzell romping around Walton Field and chasing visiting home runs across the tennis courts.

With the advent of '22 Field, Haverford began to win games. The little Napoleon in an Elk's uniform used to sock mean grounders and long twisting flies, and tell the boys what he thought, when they made errors. The results were what counted. In 1926 the team won six out of nine games.

Four members of 1928 jumped right out of the bush-high-school league into varsity jobs. Dean Flint donned the windpad and mask, and turned out to be the talkiest catcher we ever saw. He would start practicing on one of the profs, and keep it up all the way out to the ball field. Flint used to swing a dangerous bat. He connected often enough to sport a .300 average, and far enough on several occasions to win some of Robinson's "home-run-knickers." He resigned from the ball team his last year at college in order to help the track team in its quest for a Middle Atlantic Championship.

Logan played second and first. Both were equally easy for Irish. It didn't matter much to the coach either. The important part was that Logan's name be number three or four in the batting order. He was clean-up hitter for a couple of seasons, and he made a great job of it. In 1926 he played through the entire schedule without an error for a perfect average.

Eric Renwick, captain-elect, was recognized as an infielder of the highest caliber from the start. After several shifts, he finally landed at third base. His steady fielding and good hitting have made him a fixture at the hot corner.

When Logan vacated the keystone sack, Theo. Vanneman took over the chores of that position. Pop has been playing a whale of a fielding game there ever since. He never could hit very well except when the opposition was counting on something soft. Then Theo. would usually cross the dope.

Louis Richter has been the regular right fielder for two years. He is one of the few left-handed hitters on the squad, and is valuable as a lead-off man because of his diminutive size. Besides waiting for numerous walks, he has been known to belt wicked hoppers along the right field foul line that have come in mighty handy in a pinch.

Addison Fox served as utility man in his Freshman year. He could pinch-hit exceptionally well, and used to pull off some acrobatic methods of snaring pop flies. Bill Hartzell, Carl Berlinger, and Len Yoder have been with the squad for several years in the capacity of relief hurlers. Their duties have been confined to batting practice since the arrival of Kingham and Supplee.

Ken Kingham and Henderson Supplee, of '29 and '30 respectively, are the best pitchers ever to represent Haverford, and it is due to their efforts that our teams have been so successful. Last year the baseball team won six and lost four games. The defeats were no fault of the pitchers. The outstanding performance was Hen Supplee's 2–1 victory over Swarthmore, when he held the Garnet to one hit. He also beat Delaware 5–3 in 13 innings.

The other outstanding undergraduate players were Al. Supplee, who ably filled the catching position vacated by Flint, Dick Abbott, a sterling center fielder, Captain Bill Saunders, the leading batter, and Burrell Tripp, a capable and hard-hitting shortstop. A new coach, Roy Thomas, will direct the team this spring. Games have been scheduled with Penn, Delaware, Swarthmore, Penn A. C., Lafayette, and Lehigh, by Manager John Rex.

CRICKET TEAM

Cricket

HAD it not been for the interest shown in cricket by the Class of 1928, the good old English game might have passed from the list of Haverford activities. Perhaps the prospect of a trip to England in the summer of 1925 provided the needed inducement. Robinson was the only member of our class to make the eleven which toured England. Stokes joined the ranks of the Varsity in Sophomore year and Wistar, Horton, King, and Hetzel saw service in some matches. Stokes was elected to captain the eleven at the end of the season and was the only letter man to return for the following year. In spite of a lack of experienced material, the College presented a formidable side in Junior year, thanks to the exceptional talent shown by several Freshmen. The best class of cricketers to have entered Haverford in years is 1930. Prospects are bright for a successful season in 1928, as Silver is the only man lost by graduation. Stokes returns as captain for the second year, along with Robinson and Horton of '28. Competition for varsity positions will be keen, as there are at least sixteen men of varsity caliber to fill eleven places.

Stokes plays a good game in all the departments, bowling, batting, and fielding. This year, with his experience behind him, he should develop into one of Haverford's great batsmen. He, in addition, has handled the team with skill on the field, for in cricket the captain takes entire responsibility.

Robinson, the "English veteran," is one of the flashiest fielders on the side, either behind the wicket or at mid-off. Last year he received the prize bat for the greatest improvement in that department, and with Stokes and Wistar, '30, should be the big guns of the Haverford offense. Robinson's tireless efforts in arousing interest in the game among the underclassmen have been responsible, probably more than any other factor, for the revival of interest in cricket in the past two years.

Horton is a useful man to have in any position and if he overcomes a tendency to be erratic in his batting, should develop into a real threat to opposing bowlers.

Richie has worked hard to arrange a schedule and is to be congratulated for the way in which he has handled the equipment, travel arrangements, and all the other details which fall to the lot of the manager.

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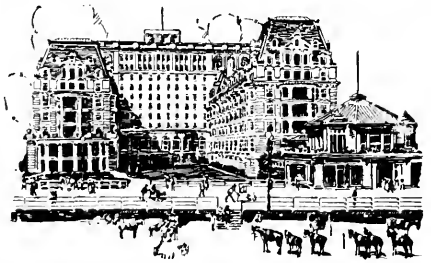

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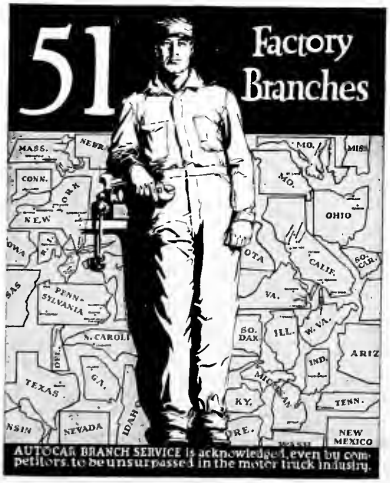

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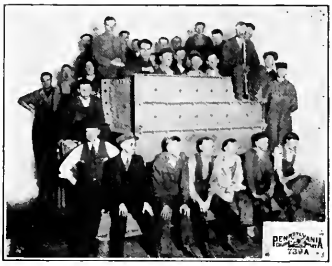

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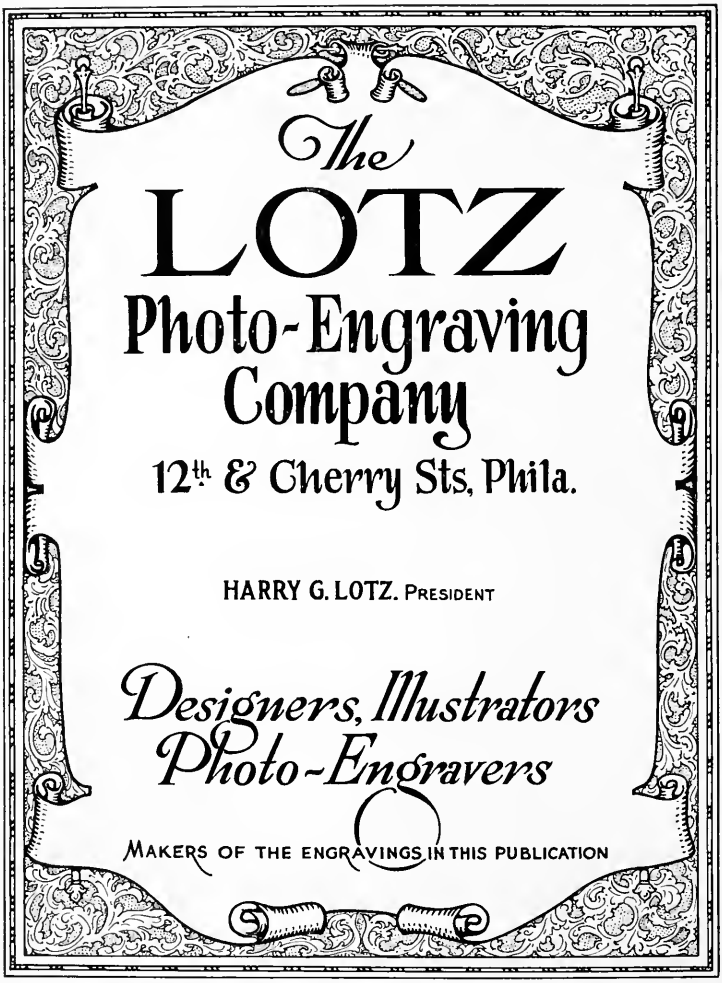
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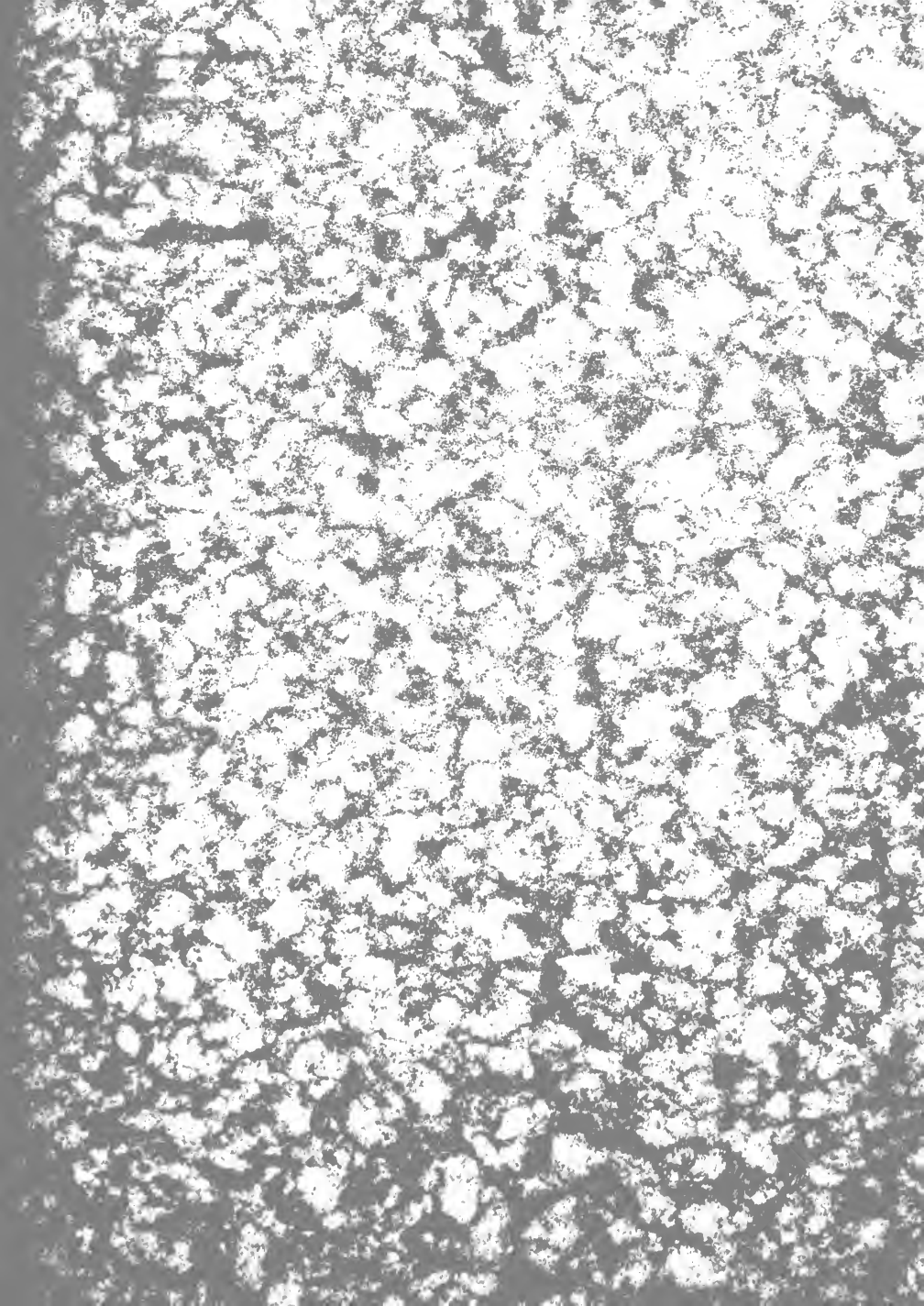
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